#105

PRIZE FIGHTER

Script Revised 11-1-78

M.S.
R.D.N.

MUSIC IN: "Stone Cold Dead in the Market" by Louis Jordon

THE TITLES appear on black. They are intercut with CLOSE-UPS of a fighter's body.

EXAMPLES:

Feet move.

Credit over black.

Body lunges.

Credit over black.

Fists swing and punch at the air.

Credit over black.

WE CATCH A GLIMPSE of young JAKE LAMOTTA.

THEN CUT TO:

1 INT: BARBIZON PLAZA THEATRE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (1964)

JAKE LAMOTTA, wearing a tux, is shadow-boxing.

We are unsure of where he is -- he moves in and out of the shadows. At 45, he's overweight and out of shape, but the balls of his feet still pop up and down like they were on canvas and his tiny fists still jerk forward with short bursts of light. He is rehearsing a nightclub monologue.

JAKE
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's a thrill to be standing here talking to you wonderful people. In fact, it's a thrill to be standing! I haven't seen so many people since my last fight at Madison Square Garden. After that fight, a reporter asked me, 'Jake, where do you go from here?' I said, 'To a hospital!' I fought one hundred and seven professional fights and still none of them bums figured out how to fight me -- they kept hitting me in the head! And that's why I'm here tonight ...
(starts to sing)
'When the fighter's not engaged
in his employment, his
employment)
Although he was Champ and quite
the rage,
He must go somewhere else to seek
employment, seek employment.
But a fighter's life is not a
bowl of cherries,
Still I'd rather have an egg
than a fist upon my face ...
That's Entertainment!'

2 INT: CLEVELAND ARMORY (1941) - NIGHT

Bam! JIMMY REEVES, a fast, black middleweight, jabs LAMOTTA, 20 years old, in the face. JAKE staggers forward. No matter how hard LAMOTTA is hit, no matter how often, he always staggers forward -- like a bull. The bell sounds.

Battered, JAKE slumps on the stool in his corner.

It's September, 1941. Europe and Asia are already

2 CONTD

at war. Young SOLDIERS, freshly recruited, dot the hostile audience -- each screaming at the FIGHTERS in the ring.

Suddenly, words are exchanged, a GIRL screams, and a SOLDIER and a CIVILIAN stand and start swinging.

AND IN THE RING: JAKE LAMOTTA takes a swig of water and spits blood into the bucket his younger brother, JOEY, holds for him. TONY, his trainer, works the cuts.

JOEY
You didn't have to come to Cleveland to get beat by a "moulan yan", Jake!

TONY
He's got you, Jake! You're outpointed! You're coming up for the eighth. You gotta knock him out!

The bell sounds for the eighth. JAKE pulls himself up and charges at REEVES.

REEVES slides away, jabbing, punching, piling up points.

In JAKE's corner, JOEY stands and yells at JAKE:

JOEY
A grand apiece! We got a grand apiece on this, Jake! A fucking grand!

JAKE suddenly corners REEVES and unleashes a desperate, wild alley-fighting attack. One ferocious punch after another.

The SPECTATORS go wild; everyone's up for the kill.

REEVES staggers, then falls to the canvas.

The REFEREE counts:

REFEREE
One, two, three, four.

The GAMBLERS call out new odds; ten to one for REEVES, the underdog. JOEY, excited, sees that time is running out and steps in front of the bell. He swings his arms, pretending not to realize he literally holds back the TIMER's arm for a few seconds. This gives JAKE more

2 CONTD

time for a knockout -- but not enough. JOEY is pushed back and the bell rings at the count of five (or more, check this out). The bell sounds, ending the match.

Boos and cheers. The BETTORS scramble back to the BOOKIE to get their money.

JAKE dances around the ring, kissing his gloves and thrusting them toward the crowd. JOEY rushes out and hugs him.

The ANNOUNCER steps into the ring with the mike:

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner, under the rules of the Boxing Commission of the state of Ohio, after ten rounds, by a decision -- Jimmy Reeves.

The ANNOUNCER holds up REEVES' arm as his corner tries to lift him off the canvas -- still out cold. Two ATTENDANTS bring in a stretcher.

JAKE is stunned. He still prances around, now trying to figure out what happened. He raises his arms in victory, and the FANS go crazy, cheering, ripping chairs out, fighting with the COPS, throwing bottles and junk into the ring. PEOPLE go into the ring.

JOEY
(to Jake)
Don't get out of the ring. You won the fight -- let him go out first.

CUT TO:

REEVES being placed on the stretcher.

A ringside OFFICIAL signals the ORGANIST and she starts to play the "Star Spangled Banner." REEVES is carried out.

Only then do JOEY and TONY escort JAKE out of the ring.

3 EXT: WEBSTER AVENUE AND 169TH ST., THE BRONX - DAY

It's a rough neighborhood, inhabited primarily by welfare cases and street kids.

In the street, two young PUNKS, 13 or 14 years old,

3 CONTD

exchange words and start to fight. Their FRIENDS cheer them on. SALVY and JOEY turn the corner.

JOEY
Salvy, would I steer you wrong? Let's say that's the truck; it's full of cigarettes, right? Now, two o'clock this morning we move the truck from here to there,

He points; the CAMERA PANS.

JOEY (contd)
take the cigarettes out, sell 'em, make some cash.

SALVY
Hey but Joey, you ain't thinking where the money is. You're thinking nickels and dimes. The money's with your brother, and he ain't doing the right thing.

JOEY
What do you want from my life, Salvy? He's my brother.

SALVY
Well, he ain't cooperating. He don't understand that the money's with us. The money Jake is making compared to what he should be making ain't nothing. Can't you make him understand that?

A COP goes over and starts to break up the fight.

JOEY
(to cop)
Hey, leave the kids alone.

SALVY
Get lost.
(joking, he knows the cop)
Hey kids, "A cop is a rat." Remember that, "A rat."

The KIDS yell.

3 CONTD

JOEY
(to cop)
Hey Jimmy, here's a dollar for your trouble. There's some bums around the corner -- they need your help.

COP
Keep the dollar, Joey. Get yourself a new suit.

JOEY
(laughs)
Here's my new suit.
(grabs his crotch)
Right here.

COP
Hey, don't get wise!

JOEY
Just kidding, take it easy.

SALVY and JOEY continue to walk a little faster, giggling.

4 INT: JAKE AND IDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

JAKE, bandaged from the REEVES fight the night before, sits at the kitchen table (he's had a few glasses of wine) while his wife, IDA, 19, cooks at the stove.

JAKE gets up and pokes at the frying steak with a fork.

JAKE
This looks done.

IDA
It's not done.

JAKE
It looks done. I'll take it the way it is.

IDA
Here's your steak. You can't wait for it to be done. Here.

She slams the steak onto his plate, and reaches back to the stove.

4 CONTD

IDA (contd)
Here's your carrots. You're in such a hurry. You can't wait.

JAKE
No, I can't wait. You know when I wait? When it's important to wait. It's not important to wait for no steak. It's important to wait for Reeves to leave the ring. It ain't important to wait for no steak! I won that fight. So, I stayed in the ring, and that way I made sure everybody knew it. I shoulda knocked him out earlier, sonofabitch.

He starts to eat the steak. He takes a drink of wine.

JAKE (contd)
Wait! I'll wait. But let me tell you, if that steak was the middleweight championship, I'd show you how I'd wait. I'd eat it raw. I'd drink the blood. I'd eat it before it came out of the cow -- that's how I'd wait.

5 EXT: JAKE AND IDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING/TENEMENT - DAY

SALVY and JOEY approach the building.

SALVY
(joking)
Joey, I'll do you a favor. You want cigarettes -- come to me. I'll give you a couple of cartons. You're getting too old for selling swag cigarettes. Meanwhile, talk to your brother.

JOEY
I can't talk to him. He's got such a thick head, I'd like to crack it open myself. Believe me, my own brother. It's very hard. I can't convince him. He don't listen to me.

They stop at the doorway.

5 CONTD

SALVY
Try. You gotta make him see it's the best way for himself.

JOEY
What's Tommy think?

SALVY
What do you think he thinks? Tommy wants me to see what I can do. He wants him with us. Talk some sense into him, will ya? You're still his brother. If he ain't gonna listen to you, he ain't gonna listen to nobody!

JOEY
All right, I'll try. See you later.

SALVY
Tomorrow, at the gym. Don't forget.

JOEY
Right, the gym.

SALVY leaves. JOEY goes into the building.

6 INT: JAKE AND IDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

JOEY is knocking at the door. IDA opens it.

JOEY
(noticing Jake)
What's the matter?

IDA
He's doing it again.

JOEY
(goes to Jake)
What's the matter? You're drinking. You're eating like an animal.

JOEY sits next to JAKE at the kitchen table. JAKE has a drink in his hand, and tears on his face.

JOEY (contd)
What's wrong?

JAKE
(gets up)
Nothing ...

6 CONTD

JAKE goes into the living room. IDA looks at JOEY. JOEY follows JAKE.

JOEY
Hey, c'mon, what's the matter?

JAKE
(privately to Joey)
I ain't ever gonna fight Joe Louis, that's what's the matter.

JOEY
What're you talking about? He's a heavyweight. You're a middleweight.

JAKE holds out his scarred hands.

JAKE
Look at these hands. These fuckin' hands. A fuckin' girl's hands. I was born with a girl's hands. And even if I put on enough weight to be a heavyweight, I'd be too slow to fight. No matter how big I get, I'll never be big enough to fight Louis.

JAKE pauses. IDA watches from the doorway.

JOEY
That's what I'm sayin'. You shouldn't even think like that. It's crazy.

JAKE
(continuing)
I tell you one thing. Ok, I'll never be big enough to fight Louis, but I know Joey, I know ...

JOEY
You know?

JAKE
Yeah. Do me a favor.

JOEY
Sure. What is it?

JAKE
Hit me in the face.

6 CONTD

JOEY
(after a pause)
You want me to do what?

JAKE
You heard me, I said hit me.

JOEY
C'mon, Jack. You had a few drinks.

JAKE
Go ahead. I ain't drunk. Take your best shot. On the jaw.

JOEY
Jack, I got no gloves.

JAKE
(grabs a nearby towel)
Here's your glove.

JOEY wraps it around his fist. IDA watches. JOEY hits JAKE with his right. JAKE holds fast.

JAKE (contd)
Go ahead. Hit me. C'mon, don't worry about it. I want you to hit me with everything you got.

JOEY hauls off and lands him a real belt. JAKE rolls with it and stands firm.

JAKE (contd)
Again. Harder.

JOEY hits him again.

JAKE (contd)
Harder. Go 'head.

JOEY hits him again.

JAKE (contd)
Harder.
(grabs the towel)
Take the towel off.

JOEY
Jack! Enough!

JAKE
Go ahead.

6 CONTD

JOEY hits him again. JAKE holds fast. JAKE starts to walk away.

JOEY
What was that for?

JAKE
See that, I don't feel it. I can take it. I know I can take anybody.

7 EXT: GLEASON'S GYM - DAY

Gleason's, a small gym and fight club, stands on 149th Street and 3rd Avenue above a small sandwich shop.

Each day BOBBY GLEASON posts a small sign alongside the door listing the fighters who will be working out. JAKE's name is posted at the top; the other names are unmemorable.

8 INT: GLEASON'S - DAY

Gleason's has a single sparring ring and ten training bags. About a dozen managers train their fighters out at Gleason's. For 50 cents, spectators sit in the gallery and watch the workouts.

JAKE is sparring with JOEY in the ring. They've been working out for a while now. The bell rings ending the third round. JAKE praces about the ring waiting for the bell to sound again.

At that moment, SALVY, along with two other young "BUTTON" MEN (actually, they are very young -- about JOEY's age) enter the gym. They are well-dressed (overcoat, ties, suits, flashy rings, etc.). They say hello to some PEOPLE by the door. JAKE looks over and notices them. SALVY looks over to the ring.

SALVY
(waves)
Hey Joey --

JOEY waves back.

SALVY (contd)
(waves again)
Jake, how you doin'?

JAKE nods to SALVY very cold. SALVY notices and can feel that he's not exactly wanted there by JAKE. JOEY

8 CONTD

notices the same and becomes a bit nervous.

SALVY sits down near the ring but not as close as he'd like to. His two friends, FRANKIE and GUIDO, sit nearby also.

JAKE goes to JOEY's corner.

JAKE
Did you know they were coming up here?

JOEY doesn't answer.

JAKE (contd)
Answer me when I talk to you.

JOEY
Yeah, yeah. They just wanted to talk to you. So I ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
Don't ever bring those kids up here again! I'm working out, I'm killing myself in here, and they walk around like they fuckin' own the neighborhood.

SALVY and the others see JOEY being chewed out by JAKE. They begin to feel unwelcome at the gym.

The bell sounds. JAKE is more aggressive now as he corners JOEY. JAKE swings away with body punches. JOEY can't block them. SALVY and the others watch.

The bell sounds again. With that, SALVY and the others start to leave.

SALVY
(to Joey)
Hey Joey, we're gonna go. See you later.

JOEY, dazed, turns to wave.

JAKE
Go 'head. Wave goodbye. They're your friends.

JAKE watches them leave.

8 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
And that Salvy. Who's he think he is? I'm gonna let that fuckin' kid, who can't wipe his ass, come up here and act like a big shot.

JOEY
Tommy Como said ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
Hey, I don't care about Tommy Como, or his father. I don't care if he's Jesus Christ on the fuckin' cross. I gotta give them 20% of what I make! I'm in here breaking my ass, not them. Don't ever bring them up here again.

The bell sounds again. JAKE hits JOEY a few more solid body punches. JOEY gets angry and fights back with a flurry of punches which have no effect on JAKE. JAKE laughs.

JAKE (contd)
That's right, fight back. I got laid three times before I came up here this morning and I can still break your ass.

JOEY fights back, but it's no use.

JOEY
You cocksucker.

JAKE laughs. The two continue to swing it out, as SALVY watches unseen from the doorway.

9 EXT: SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY

The Shorehaven Pool, spic-and-span in the summer sun, is the closest thing to a country club in the Bronx. An eight-foot fence stands between the pool and the street.

JAKE, wearing slacks and a sportshirt, hangs out with the "BOYS" near the bar area. Older, "MADE" MEN play cards. A young FAN walks by and says:)

FAN
Hey, Jake.

9 CONTD

At the opposite end of the pool where the GIRLS gossip and sunbathe, JOEY swaps small talk with VICKIE, a school girl, about 15 . VICKIE is a knockout

SALVY, FRANKIE and JUNIOR are with VICKIE and her friends. They joke with JOEY.

JAKE watches SALVY and VICKIE.

Joey points (pan) JAKE out to Vickie, and vice versa. ("Here she is"). VICKIE giglés. JOEY stands, grimacing as he holds his side, and walks over to JAKE.

JOEY
Ain't she something? She's 15. Would you believe that, 15? Her name is Vickie. She's dying to meet you.

JAKE
Yeah?

JOEY
Yeah. Her father's a fight fan. He follows you She knows all about you.

JAKE
Oh yeah?

JOEY
C'mon Jake She's a great piece of ass believe me

JAKE
How do you know? You know her that good?

JOEY
No, I see her around the pool. I know her. I know her like <u>that</u> --- not like <u>that</u>.

JAKE
(gesturing to his bandage)
Nah, not now...I wanna wait. I don't feel right...

JOEY
<u>You</u> don't feel right? You broke my fuckin' ribs.

JAKE
(his arm around JOEY)
Hey, I'm sorry about that..

JOEY
It's ok...

JAKE
I mean, I didn't get laid three times before getting in the ring.

JAKE
Oh, I knew that---

JAKE (joking)
Just got laid once.

JAKE laughs as he watches VICKIE.

10 INT: JAKE AND SADIE'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

JOEY
(to Jake)
I'm tellin' you - she'll be there - I know she'll be there. Dressed up and everything.

JAKE
I don't like all those other clowns around. That's all I know.

JOEY
C'mon, hurry up. We're never gonna get outta here tonight.

JOEY sips a drink as JAKE knots his tie. SADIE enters from the bedroom.

SADIE
Where you going at this hour?

JAKE
What're you, a cop? I'm goin' out -- business.

SADIE
You fuckin' worm, if you're going out, I'm going out.

JAKE
And where you going?

SADIE
None of your fuckin' business.

JOEY lifts his eyes up.

JAKE
Eh. Go out -- do what you're gonna do -- what do I care

10 CONTD

JOEY opens the door to leave. JAKE follows.

SADIE
That's right -- run out. I ain't gonna be here when you get back.

10A INT: JAKE AND SADIE'S APT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

JAKE and JOEY hurry down the stairs. SADIE shouts after them.

SADIE
Bunch of guys. You all hang out together. Yeah, you're all going out on business. You're all gonna suck each other off.

10B INT: JAKE AND SADIE'S BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

JOEY
What a mouth on her -- you shoulda hit her -- no good fuckin' Jewish cunt -- breakin' our balls. You shoulda hit her with a chair.

JAKE
Hey, watch your mouth. Don't talk like that. She's still my wife.

JOEY
No, but Jake....how much abuse can you take.

JAKE (interrupting)
How many times do I have to hit her? I hit her enough.

They exit to street.

10C EXT: JAKE AND SADIE'S APT. BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

JOEY and JAKE come out of the building and start walking down the street.

SADIE opens the window on the second floor right above them, and shouts out to them:

SADIE
Go ahead -- that's all you're good for-- to go out and leave me here like a dog. You and your brother!

10C CONTD

SADIE
You don't even look like brothers - you look like faggots! That's what'yse are -- faggots!

JAKE and JOEY walk faster down the block, pretending that SADIE must be shouting to someone else.

11 INT: CHESTER PALACE - AN HOUR LATER

A neighborhood dance is in progress. A small band is playing while mainly older couples dance. There are two priests present. The younger people are divided into two groups - the boys, who are dressed in suits and ties, and spend most of their time at the bar area -- and the girls, who are in evening dresses, and spend most of their time dancing together.

Some of the more popular girls are surrounded by "wise-guys". There are tables near the dance floor with "set ups" (a bottle of scotch, a bottle of rye and a bucket of ice) on them. These tables are "base of operation" for different neighborhood groups, as if they were street corners.

JAKE and JOEY are walking towards a table. VERA, a young neighborhood girl, blocks their way as she bends over to talk to some guys at a table. She's well built and knows it.

JOEY tries to move one way, she blocks again. This little game goes on for a few seconds, then:

JOEY
Look, could you move a little -- would you mind, darling?

VERA
Mind what, Mr. Big Shot?

JAKE
(annoyed)
Hey girlie -- take a walk.

JAKE starts to move forward -- JOEY stops him.

JOEY
(to VERA)
Alright, darling -- I'll just stand here and wait.

(contd)

11 CONTD

JOEY cups his hands and grabs her breasts. Vera squeals, cones her breasts and moves back. JOEY and JAKE walk past her. JOEY smiles.

They sit at an empty table.

JAKE
Shouldn't have come here. Its a fuckin' zoo.

JOEY
We just got here Jake -- give it a chance.

Jake looks around and at a distant table sees VICKIE with a couple of other girls. She looks beautiful and is obviously having a good time. JAKE nudges JOEY to look. He does .

JOEY
There she is -- what did I tell you. Oh, ain't she nice -- ain't she a fuckin doll.

As they watch, we see , from JAKE'S P.O.V. , SALVY, FRANKIE and JUNIOR show up at VICKIE'S table. They are in overcoats and hats and don't sit down. They're obviously on their way to bigger things than a neighborhood dance. -- and VICKIE and the others are glad to go with them.

They get up and leave.

JAKE
Be right back.

SALVY, FRANKIE, JUNIOR, VICKIE and the other two girls leave the dance hall. JAKE follows them, unseen, to the entrance as they go into the street.

JAKE watches as SALVY ushers them into his cadillac and drives off.

JAKE stares for a moment, then goes back inside.

12 EXT: SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY

JOEY nad JAKE get out of their packard convertible and walk over to a fence. They stand behind the fence -- VICKIE is by the pool.

JOEY
(calls out to Vickie)
Hey, Vickie. C'mere. Don't be afraid. C'mere, just say hello. This is my brother.

12 CONTD

VICKIE goes over to the fence.

JOEY (continued)
Vickie, I want you to meet my brother, Jake. He's gonna be the next champ.

JAKE puts his fingers through the fence.

JAKE
Joey said you wanted to meet me. Is that right? You wanted to meet me?

VICKIE
(to Joey)
I can't believe it. It's really Jake LaMotta.

JAKE
You can't believe it? I can't believe it. When did you fall outta heaven. I ain't seen nobody as beautiful as you in my whole life. You got a baby face. Look at mine. Whatcha wanna meet me for?

12 CONTD

VICKIE
I don't know. Cause you're cute.

JAKE
(to Joey)
Can you believe that, Joey? She thinks this face is cute? Hey, what're you doing now? You wanna go for a ride?

PAN to car.

VICKIE
Sure. Gimme a few minutes.

She starts to go.

JAKE
Hey ...

She turns. JAKE kisses his hand and holds it up to the fence by her lips.

13 EXT: SHORE ROAD - DAY

JAKE drives his Packard convertible down Shore Road. VICKIE sits in the passenger seat, her blonde hair blowing in the wind. VICKIE feels JAKE's eyes all over her, and loves it.

On the radio, Bing Crosby sings "Just One More Chance."

14 EXT: MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

JAKE parks across the street from the new miniature golf course on Shore Road. The Shore Road course is one of the best. The first green features a pink windmill.

JAKE and VICKIE get out to cross the street.

VICKIE
You don't talk very much.

JAKE
I ain't ever talked to a movie star before.

VICKIE
(giggles)
I ain't no movie star. I'm just in high school.

14 CONTD

JAKE
Oh, no? I thought you was a movie star.

A municipal bus heads toward them.

VICKIE
Jake! The bus!

JAKE holds up his hand.

JAKE
Hey, you don't have to worry no more about no buses. Any bus gives you trouble, I knock it out for ya.

The bus stops for them as they cross the street.

15 EXT: FIRST GREEN - DAY

JAKE sets VICKIE's ball on the tee facing the windmill.

VICKIE
You go first. Let me watch how to do this.

JAKE
You don't get nothin' done by watchin'. You just gotta do it. Here, I'll help you.

JAKE hands VICKIE the putter, then moves behind her and puts her hand on the club.

JAKE (contd)
That's it. Just grip up a little tighter. That's it. You're gonna be real good at this. How does that feel?

VICKIE
It feels real good.

JAKE
Just keep your eye on the ball.

VICKIE
Should I hit it?

JAKE
Just give it a nice little tap.

15 CONTD

VICKIE swings and the ball rolls into the center of the windmill. VICKIE breaks free and follows her ball. JAKE follows.

VICKIE
I can't find my ball.

JAKE
Can you see it?

VICKIE bends and looks under the windmill.

VICKIE
No.

JAKE bends and looks.

VICKIE (contd)
Can you see it?

JAKE
No.

VICKIE
What does that mean?

JAKE takes VICKIE by the arm.

JAKE
It means the game is over.

JAKE throws his putter on the next green.

JAKE (contd)
Let's get outa here.

16 EXT: ARTHUR AVENUE, BRONX - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

JAKE and VICKIE pull up to a tenement.

JAKE dashes around the car to open the door for VICKIE. They enter the building.

17 INT: ARTHUR AVENUE APARTMENT - DAY

JOSEPH LAMOTTA, SR. is finishing his Sunday dinner with a glass of wine as JAKE and VICKIE enter.

JAKE
Hi Pop. This is my new girlfriend, Vickie. V for victory. How do you like that Pop?

17 CONTD

JOE LAMOTTA
V for victory.

VICKIE
(nervous)
It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. LaMotta.

JOE LAMOTTA
(in Italian)
Sit down. Eat something.

JAKE is anxious. VICKIE is scared.

JAKE
C'mon, Pop. You've been in America so many years. Speak English.

JOE LAMOTTA
(joking)
You want me to speak English -- Fuck you. That's English.

JAKE
Pop, don't curse. There's a girl here. I'm gonna show her around the house. Why don't you just finish your wine?

JOE stares at him. JAKE grasps VICKIE's arm firmly.

18 INT: ARTHUR AVENUE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is a few rooms away from the kitchen. JAKE closes the door. (There is a warm light in the bedroom.)

VICKIE
Jake, this is your father's bedroom.

JAKE
That's all right. He don't mind.

The room is sparsely furnished. On the bureau, there is a large framed photo of the boxing brothers: JAKE and JOEY LAMOTTA.

JAKE puts VICKIE on the bed and removes his jacket and tie.

18 CONTD

VICKIE
Jake ...

JAKE
It's ok.

He pushes her against the bed and gently undresses her. They make love.

19 INT: FIGHT AUDITORIUM (ANYWHERE)

JAKE is beating a mean-looking white OPPONENT. JAKE's punches are ferocious as he comes in for the kill. He lands a powerful right to his OPPONENT's jaw, causing a wide spray of blood, sweat, and teeth through the air. His OPPONENT goes down for the count. JAKE paces the ring as he waits for THE REFEREE to count to ten. The crowd goes wild. JAKE throws kisses.

20 INT: GLEASON'S - DAY

JAKE's press conference.

Five REPORTERS meander around the gym, waiting for JAKE to finish sparring. They are not thrilled with their assignment; JAKE is not thrilled with having them there.

The gallery is spotted with the usual BRONX TYPES. The lone exception is VICKIE, dressed very well, very sensual, and quite content to watch JAKE make his SPARRING PARTNERS' lives miserable, despite their head and belly protectors.

JOEY is off in one of the corners arguing with ONE of the REPORTERS:

JOEY
The fuckin' papers are full of all these other bums. Nothing on Jake. And Jake's been knockin' 'em clear out of the fuckin' ring from here to Detroit. What's the matter with you? I thought we had an arrangement.

REPORTER
We do Joey. You know we do.

JOEY
You holding me up for more cash or what?

20 CONTD

The bell sounds, ending the sparring round.

REPORTER
I can't print nothing if Jake won't give me anything.

JOEY walks over to the ring. THE REPORTER follows not far behind.

JOEY
C'mon, Jake. I brought these guys up here. You're making us look stupid. Now you don't wanna talk to them. What are ya doin'? Open your mouth, for Christsake.

JAKE nods his head, steps out of the ring, and goes directly over to the REPORTER, who is about to say: "Hi, Jake."

JAKE
(interrupting)
I'm tellin' you now, when I read this, it better not make me look bad.

REPORTER
Jake, did I ever make you look bad before?

JAKE
Maybe it wasn't you, but you know what I'm talkin' about.

JOEY
(interrupting)
Don't worry. Don't worry. It's gonna be all right.
(to reporter)
Ask him your questions.

REPORTER
All right, Jake, you're being talked about as the top middleweight contender. Do you think the kind of fights you're doing now will get you a shot?

JAKE
What do you mean? What "kind of fights"?

20 CONTD

REPORTER
Well, you're fighting out of town -- Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago -- all over except in New York at the Garden where you should be fighting.

JAKE
I fight Bolden (?) next. That oughta get me a shot at the Garden.

REPORTER
If you fight in the Garden, that means that you have to cooperate with the people who control boxing in New York. There are a lot of people who say you're uncooperative.

JAKE
You guys know more about that than I do. I just fight. I fight the toughest fighters around that everybody else is afraid to fight, and I still don't have a shot at the title.

REPORTER
Would you fight a guy like Sugar Ray?

JAKE
I just told you I'd fight anybody around. What kinda question's that?

JAKE points to his right cheek.

JAKE (contd)
I tell you what. You hit me here.
(points to left cheek)
Sugar Ray hits me here. I can't tell the difference. I just fight.

JAKE turns to VICKIE, smiles, and prepares for his next SPARRING PARTNER.

21 INT: ARTHUR AVENUE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

JAKE, wearing pleated dress slacks, sits on the edge of the bed examining his muscle tone.

He studies his small fists. Squeezes each knuckle. Twists his wrists. Clenches. Unclenches.

VICKIE steps out of the bathroom wearing a nightie and panties.

VICKIE
Are you sure we should be doing this?

JAKE
Come over here.

VICKIE
You said never to touch you before a fight.

JAKE
(lovingly)
If you let me do it, I'll murder you. Come here.

VICKIE
You said I couldn't. You've been good for two weeks ...

JAKE
Come here.

JAKE watches VICKIE approach him. He respects her as he would a shrine; he slowly removes her sheer nightie.

His rough hands caress her smooth skin. He glides his bruised knuckles across her shoulders, pride on his face.

She kisses his bruised knuckles sensuously, then his bruised face.

JAKE
Take off my pants.

VICKIE
Jake ...

JAKE
Do what I say.

He touches her breasts as she removes his trousers.

21 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
Now take off my drawers.

VICKIE
Jake, you made me promise not to get you excited.

JAKE
Go 'head. Do it.

She pulls off his shorts. VICKIE is now getting excited. She kisses his chest and licks it.

VICKIE
I like the gym smell.

JAKE
Now take your panties off.

She does.

JAKE (contd)
Now, touch me ...
(takes her hand)
... here.

VICKIE
Oh, Jake.

She caresses his broad shoulders and runs her hand along his erection.

JAKE's lips are trembling. He quickly turns his back on VICKIE, goes into the bathroom, and gets a full glass of cold water.

VICKIE watches as he puts his erection in the glass of cold water. She is shocked and surprised.

JAKE
I can't do it. I can't fuck around. This fight's important. I can't fuck around. Don't come near me.

JAKE grabs her again and kisses her. Then, gently but firmly, he turns her around and pushes her out. (It's starting again, and he must stop it.) He goes back into the bathroom and closes the door.

22 INT: FIGHT AUDITORIUM (ANOTHER -- ANYWHERE)

JAKE is fighting a very tough-look black OPPONENT.

22 CONTD

(BOLDEN?) As before, his punches are ferocious. Sensing the kill, JAKE moves in fast, pouring it on his OPPONENT. JAKE finally lands a blow on his OPPONENT's face which literally opens it on the cheek bone below his left eye. Very bloody. The OPPONENT is dazed, but does not go down. JAKE plays to the wildly cheering crowd.

VICKIE is present in the crowd.

23 INT: THE SAME AUDITORIUM - DRESSING ROOM

JOEY and TONY are in the dressing room. JAKE sits on the table, dejected. His hand is being examined by a DOCTOR. Two HANGERS-ON are also present.

JOEY
(angry)
They robbed us! Those fuckin' judges -- if I see them on the street, I'll break their heads. Decision Bolden (?), my fuckin' ass! Those judges, they gotta be on the take! How else could this have happened?

JAKE
(almost to himself)
Whadda I gotta do, Joey? I outboxed him, I broke his face open. What did I do wrong? I don't understand.

JOEY
You won and was robbed! You didn't do nothin' wrong.

JAKE
I dunno. Maybe I don't deserve to win. I've done a lot of bad things. I dunno ...

TONY goes to the door.

JOEY
Fuck that. This was the fight. This coulda done it. You won, and we was fuckin' robbed.

TONY comes back from the door.

TONY
Vickie is here, Jake.

23 CONTD

JAKE
I don't wanna see anybody.

JOEY
You want us to wait for you?

JAKE
No, take her home. I want to be alone for a while. Everybody go.

They exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT: BATHROOM NEAR THE DRESSING ROOM

JAKE, now alone, goes into the bathroom. He looks in the bathroom mirror. After a pause, he touches his newly acquired bruises and bandages. He combs his hair.

We hear the beginning of an early Frank Sinatra song. (Song title dependent on BOLDEN [?] fight.) This song carries over onto the following MONTAGE.

25 MONTAGE

This MONTAGE will show JAKE hard at work fighting all the tough guys he can. (All these fights are out of New York City.) JAKE k.o.'s most of the FIGHTERS. The names of the fighters, dates and locations of the fights, and the images which will actually be shown need to be researched. These fight images will be black and white newspaper photos -- JUMP CUT together to simulate real action. For example: In still #1, JAKE is about to land a punch on an OPPONENT.

CUT TO:

Still #2, and the punch lands, distorting the OPPONENT's face, sweat spraying out everywhere. Live sound effects accompany these stills.

The fight stills are INTERCUT with 16mm black and white home movies of JAKE, VICKIE, JOEY, etc. (to be shot in 16mm black and white). The dates and places of these home movies must also be researched. All these IMAGES are cut to the Sinatra song.

It'll go something like this:

A) JAKE and OPPONENT #1 (?) -- (Date and Place?)

25 CONTD

B) JAKE, VICKIE, and JOEY, wearing sunglasses, pose in front of a Cadillac. (Later -- Date and Place?)

C) JAKE and OPPONENT #2 (?) -- (Later -- Date and Place?) (Could this be JAKE knocking SUGAR RAY ROBINSON out of the ring?)

D) JAKE and VICKIE getting married. (This will be a black and white still photo, posed especially for the occasion.) (Later -- Date and Place?)

E) JAKE and OPPONENT #3 (?) -- (Later -- Date and Place?)

F) JAKE and VICKIE on vacation -- very loving. They are dancing, and he allows her to knock him into the pool. (Later -- Date and Place?)

G) JAKE and OPPONENT #4 (?) -- (Later -- Date and Place?) (Could this be another Robinson fight?)

H) JAKE and VICKIE at his country training camp. JAKE shows VICKIE how to hit the bag. (Later -- Date and Place?)

I) JAKE and OPPONENT #5 (?) -- (Later -- Date and Place?)

J) JAKE gives VICKIE a present by a poolside. She opens the box and takes out a white garment and turban. She kisses JAKE.

CUT TO:

VICKIE dressed in the outfit. She looks very much like Lana Turner in "The Postman Always Rings Twice." She kisses JAKE. (Later -- Date and Place?)

K) JAKE and OPPONENT #6 (?) -- (Later -- Date and Place?) (Could this be another Robinson fight?)

L) JOEY's marriage. JAKE and VICKIE are there as witnesses. (Could also be a still photo as D was.) (Later -- Date and Place?)

M) JAKE and OPPONENT #7 (?) -- (Later -- Date and Place?)

N) JAKE and VICKIE in front of their new Pelham Parkway house. It is an affluent, split-level house, an idyllic scene -- stone terrace, freshly cut lawn, etc. JAKE carries VICKIE inside. (Later -- Date and Place?)

O) JAKE and OPPONENT #8 (?) -- (Later -- Date and Place?)

25 CONTD

P) JAKE and VICKIE with (2?) of their children in the backyard of the Pelham Parkway house; they are having a cookout. JOEY and his WIFE and (2?) of their children are there also. (Later -- Date and Place?)

Q) JAKE and OPPONENT #9 (?) -- (Later -- Date and Place?)

26 INT: PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE (DATE?)

WE SEE an early model television. On it, Sinatra is finishing the song we heard in the preceding MONTAGE. (Research kinescope.)

JAKE enters, and turns down the volume on the television. WE SEE JAKE's living room: very early 50's, modern nouveau riche, pink easy chairs.

JOEY and VICKIE are seated around the coffee table, which is near the television. There are some remnants of a snack on the table.

JAKE is standing by the television. A couple of his KIDS are playing nearby.

JAKE
(as he turns down the TV; he is in the middle of an argument)
No more deals like this Janiro bullshit. I didn't tell you to do it in the first place.

JOEY
Jake, you're the one who said you could get down to 155!

JAKE
(angry)
Now I don't know if I can make it down to 155. I'm having trouble making 160, and without telling me, you sign me for 155 -- for 15 thousand, no less! You're supposed to know what you're doing. You're supposed to be a manager!

JOEY
You want the title shot?

JAKE
Get the fuck outa here!

26 CONTD

JOEY
You want the title shot or not?

JAKE
Say what you gotta say. Don't be a smart ass.

JOEY
(yelling)
This Janiro's an up-and-coming fighter, this kid you gotta knock out. Knockout this fuckin' kid! I'm telling you, this is your step towards getting a shot at the title. Listen to me: I'm telling you. And you don't owe nobody nothing. You get your shot at the title on your fuckin' own -- just like you want it!

JAKE
(to Joey)
Hey, don't curse.

VICKIE
Joey's right. Janiro's up-and-coming, he's good looking ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
What do you mean, "good looking"?

VICKIE
Well, he's popular. A lotta people like Janiro. You beat him and it only figures they'll wanna see you get a title shot. But, what do I know? I should keep my mouth shut, I should ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
Who asked you?

VICKIE
But, Jake, I was just ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
Who asked you?

VICKIE
I was just ...

26 CONTD

JAKE
(interrupting)
Who asked you?

VICKIE, amazed, gets up to leave.

JAKE glares at her.

VICKIE rounds up the KIDS and takes them into the kitchen.

JAKE
(turns to Joey)
All right, manager. Everybody had their say around here. Now this is what I'm gonna say. I'm gonna get down to 155, and I'm gonna destroy this kid -- get my title shot. And don't ever bet 15 thousand without sayso again.

27 INT: COPACABANA LOUNGE - NIGHT

A COMEDIAN is in the middle of his act. JAKE, VICKIE, JOEY, and JANET sit at a nearby table. JANET, an attractive blonde, is one of JOEY's girlfriends; the moment you set eyes on her, you know this is not his wife.

The lounge is very crowded. The COMEDIAN interrupts his routine to point out that JAKE LAMOTTA is in the audience, and even tries a little harmless joking at JAKE's expense.

COMEDIAN
Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to point out a special guest we have with us tonight-- The Battling Bull, The Bronx Bull, Mr. Jake LaMotta.

There is applause. JAKE smiles, and gives a hesitant wave.

COMEDIAN (contd)
Stand up, Jake, c'mon. Oh, you are standing. Sorry.
(laughs)
Just kiddin', Jake ...

27 CONTD

JAKE waves a fist at the COMEDIAN, good-naturedly playing along with the joke -- even though he hates it.

JAKE
(to Joey)
Look at this abuse I gotta take.

JOEY, VICKIE, and JANET are amused.

JAKE (contd)
(joking)
What's so funny?
(lifting his glass)
Cheers! Post-time. Joey, Vickie, and ...
(to Janet)
What's your name again, darling?

JANET
Janet.

JAKE smiles. They all drink.

SALVY, a little older, but still young-looking, and dressed even better than when we last saw him (flashy rings, etc.), comes over to their table. He walks around like he owns the fucking place. JAKE hates it.

SALVY
Hi, Joey. Jake, how you doin'? Vickie ...

They respond. JAKE is cold towards SALVY.

SALVY goes on his way to COMO's table.

As SALVY walks away, JAKE turns to VICKIE.

JAKE
What're you lookin' at? You lookin' at him?

VICKIE
No, I'm not.

JAKE
Don't tell me "No." I saw you lookin' at him.

VICKIE
I'm not interested in him.

27 CONTD

JAKE
You're not interested in him?

VICKIE
No, I'm not.

JAKE
I tell you one thing, given the right time, the right place, you'd go with him.

VICKIE
Jake, c'mon now. Don't start.

JAKE
(turns to Joey, referring to Salvy)
Look at this, all of a sudden everybody's a fuckin' Romeo around here. Did you see the way she was lookin' at him?

JOEY
Nah, she would never ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
Didn't you just see her lookin' at him? She told me no, but I don't believe her. Something tells me she's lying.

JOEY
(uncomfortable)
C'mon, Jake. You know she's crazy about you.

JAKE gives him a suspicious look. JOEY feels uneasy.

JAKE
I'd just love to catch her. Oooooh, I'd just love to catch her once.

Drinks arrive at their table.

WAITER
These are from Tommy Como.

JAKE looks up but can't see where COMO is. JOEY gets up.

27 CONTD

JOEY
(to Jake)
Excuse me for a minute. Be right back.

JAKE
(sarcastic)
Don't be long. I'm afraid with all these tough guys here.

JOEY goes to COMO's table in the rear of the lounge. JAKE slides over and watches. JOEY shakes hands with COMO. SALVY is there at COMO's table. JOEY comes right back.

JOEY
Jake, come over for a few minutes. Tommy wants to say hello to you. C'mon, just come and say hello.

JAKE doesn't like the idea, but goes along with it anyway.

ANOTHER ANGLE: COMO's table. JAKE comes over.

JAKE
Hi, Tommy. How are you?

TOMMY
Jake, sit down for a minute.

JAKE sits. SALVY smiles and nods to JAKE. JAKE barely nods back.

TOMMY
(his arm around Jake)
Fuckin' kid! You're the best fuckin' fighter around. Loved what you did to Saterfield. And them "moulan yans" -- forget about it. They're all afraid to fight you.

JAKE
(a little embarrassed)
C'mon, Tommy --

TOMMY
How you feelin'? Ok? You feelin' good?

JAKE
Never felt better.

27 CONTD

TOMMY
Tony Janiro's gotta watch out, eh?

JAKE
He should.

TOMMY
(to Salvy)
This Janiro's a good fighter, pretty good-lookin' kid.

SALVY
Bet on him three times. Always come through for me.

JAKE just stares, holding his anger in.

There is a pause.

TOMMY
How's the weight? Ok?

JAKE
Yeah, the weight's ok.

Another pause. TOMMY smiles and moves closer to JAKE.

TOMMY
All right, lemme ask you something. Let's say I was a good friend of yours. And I was telling you I was gonna bet a lot of money on you in this Janiro fight. What would you tell me?

JAKE
I'd tell you to bet a bundle.

TOMMY sips his drink.

28 INT: PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

VICKIE is in bed trying to sleep. JAKE comes out of the bathroom half-dressed, and sits on the edge of the bed (preoccupied).

JAKE
Tell me, you think of anybody else when I'm making love to you?

28 CONTD

VICKIE
How can I, Jake? I love you.

JAKE
You love me. What're you thinking of right now?

VICKIE
You, Jake.

JAKE
Tony Janiro's got a pretty face. You sure you're not thinking of him?

VICKIE
I never noticed his face.

JAKE
(getting up)
Don't tell me. You're the one who said he was "good-looking." Any woman, no matter who she is, no matter what, given the right time, the right place, and the right guy will fuck!

VICKIE
Jake, you're getting crazy!

JAKE
(mimicking Vickie)
You think he's "good-looking." I'll smash his face inside out. I'll make him into dog meat. Nobody's gonna think he's "good-looking" when I get through with him. Between him and that other fuckin' cockroach Salvy tonight -- another one who's gonna get his in due time. Just let him make one wrong move. One wrong move. So you just go ahead and think about who you want.

VICKIE freezes.

29 INT: WORTH STREET BASEMENT - DAY

TONY JANIRO, wearing boxer trunks, steps off the scale. Commissioner COL. EDDIE EGAN, a white-haired, heavy-set man in his mid-forties, calls out the weight.

29 CONTD

The basement of the New York Boxing Commission on Worth Street is a sparse room, crowded with REPORTERS, TRAINERS and MANAGERS.

EGAN
Tony Janiro, 151 lbs. and one-half.

JAKE steps on the scale. He looks weak and woozy. After the customary adjustments, EGAN calls out:

EGAN (contd)
Jake LaMotta, 155 lbs and one-fourth.

There's a commotion in JAKE's camp. JANIRO smiles.

JAKE
Just a minute.

JAKE, JOEY, and TONY confer.

JAKE gets off the scale and enters the men's room. An official follows him.

30 INT: THE MEN'S ROOM

JAKE forces himself to urinate.

31 INT: WORTH STREET BASEMENT

JAKE comes out of the bathroom, and gets back on the scale.

EGAN
Ok. This is official.

LAMOTTA stares at JANIRO.

EGAN (contd)
LaMotta, 155 lbs. on the nose.

JAKE throws JANIRO a kiss.

32 INT: MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

It's the last round and JAKE is pouring it on a beaten and virtually helpless JANIRO.

The crowd chants:

CROWD
LaMotta.

32 CONTD

Half the audience is already on its feet. The kill is imminent -- and they love it.

JAKE lands one blow after another. He is relentless.

Several rows back. TOMMY COMO, SALVY and several other "MADE" GUYS sit with sober looks on their faces.

JAKE moves in fast, and with a powerful barrage, smashes JANIRO's nose -- plastering it against his left cheek.

The final bell rings. JANIRO, his legs all rubber, staggers back to his corner.

JAKE prances about, kissing his fists and throwing them to the CROWD. JOEY rushes out, throws JAKE's leopard skin robe over him and embraces him. TONY follows. JAKE looks right at COMO and SALVY.

JOHNNY ADDI steps into the center of the ring:

JOHNNY ADDI
The winner, by unanimous decision, in ten rounds, Jake LaMotta!

JOEY
I love you.

JAKE, weak from losing the weight and winning the fight, still manages to prance around the ring victoriously.

VICKIE, now near the ring, throws kisses to JAKE.

JAKE
(shouts to Vickie)
This is my night! Listen to them! I'm gonna be champ!

He bends down and gives her a kiss through the ropes.

JAKE (contd)
I'm making everything up to you.

33 INT: COPACABANA - NIGHT

JOEY is at the bar with a DETROIT PROMOTER and JACKIE CURTIE.

DETROIT PROMOTER
When we gonna get Jake back in Detroit? Jesus, he really did a job on Janiro. Who you after next, Joey?

33 CONTD

JOEY
(evasive)
I dunno. We're working on it. He's training at the camp now.

JACKIE CURTIE
After what I seen, they gotta give him a crack at the title.

JOEY
We're gonna get our shot.

The DETROIT PROMOTER introduces JOEY to JACKIE CURTIE.

DETROIT PROMOTER
Oh Joey, this is Jackie Curtie. He handles a lot of business in South Ohio.

JACKIE CURTIE
I like your brother. Made a lot of money on him.

JOEY
Betcha more than he has.

JACKIE CURTIE
Made a killing on the Timmy Edgar fight too. Whatever happened to him?

JOEY
Ain't he dead?

DETROIT PROMOTER
Nah. He's got a job downtown. Runs an elevator in some big building.

JOEY
Yeah?

DETROIT PROMOTER
Went down to see him the other day. I says, "Timmy, take me up to the fifth floor." And you know, he took me right up there.

JACKIE CURTIE
Yeah, Timmy always was a stand-up guy.

SALVY and PATSY arrive with VERA, SANDY (two neighborhood

33 CONTD

girls), and VICKIE. They go to a nearby table.

The bar area: JOEY sees this.

DETROIT PROMOTER
Joey, let me get you another drink.

JOEY
(distracted)
Just a minute. Excuse me. I'll be right back.

The table area: JOEY arrives at SALVY's table. VICKIE is nervous. There is a cold exchange of "hellos."

JOEY
(to Vickie)
C'mere, let me talk to you for a minute.

There is an awkward silence as he grabs VICKIE by the arm and takes her over to the hatcheck area.

JOEY
What're you doin' with Salvy? You shouldn't be here with him. Suppose Jake found out.

VICKIE
What the hell am I doing wrong? Just because Jake is training, I can't go out? What am I, a goddamn prisoner?

JOEY
No, you're his wife.

VICKIE
I'm not doing anything wrong. I'm just trying to have a good time. Do I have to be cooped up in the house all the time?

JOEY
It don't look right -- you bein' here while Jake's away killing himself.

VICKIE
Well, go ahead, tell Jake. He's gonna kill me sooner or later anyway.

33 CONTD

JOEY
I'm not gonna tell him nothing; but if he finds out, he will kill you. What's the matter with you? Aren't you happy? You got everything you want.

VICKIE
You don't sleep with him. I do. I don't get to breathe without tellin' him. He keeps me in a cage. If he thinks I'm lookin' at somebody the wrong way, I get used as a punching bag. He don't trust nobody. If he saw the two of us talking together right now, you'd be in trouble too -- believe me. Look at me, Joey; I'm attractive, I'm 19 years old. I wanna enjoy my life. I love Jake, but he's punchin' it outa me. I'm scared.

JOEY
Try to understand, Vickie. Jake's got a lotta aggravation. He's been a top contender too long.

VICKIE
That's right, take his part. You're his brother. Look, he's never gonna be champ. Too many people are against him.

JOEY
And you're drinking with them right now.

VICKIE
And I'm gonna finish my drink. And, I'm gonna have a good time, because I ain't doing nothing wrong.

She starts to go back to the table.

JOEY
(grabbing her)
You're wrong to be here. Let's go.

VICKIE pulls away from JOEY, and goes back to the table.

33 CONTD

The table area: JOEY arrives at the table. He grabs VICKIE.

JOEY
I said, let's go.

SALVY
Joey, relax. You're taking this the wrong way. Why don't you sit down and have a drink?

JOEY
Excuse me, I'm talking to my sister-in-law.

SALVY
Excuse me for living.

JOEY
Shut up, Salvy. What do you think, I'm blind? My brother's breaking his ass in a ring, and you're here with his wife.

SALVY
Hey Joey, I'm here with Patsy and Vera and Sandy. And Vickie just happened to come along. We're just trying to have a good time. So why don't you just cool off right now before this gets out of hand.

JOEY
Eh, Salvy, what's gonna get outa hand?

As the conversation gets louder, PEOPLE begin to notice. PAUL, the owner (a tough-looking, well-dressed guy), and some BOUNCERS also become aware of the argument.

SALVY
I was speakin' nice to you. Now you gonna force me to do something I don't wanna have to do.

JOEY
Get the fuck outa here. What did you do, take your gangster pills today? I'll tear your fuckin' head off your shoulders!

JOEY goes for SALVY. PEOPLE react.

33 CONTD

The GIRLS begin to scream. VICKIE exits. JOEY notices her leave, and calls after her.

JOEY
Hey, wait --

PAUL comes over and stops the fight.

PAUL
Ain't you forgettin' something?
Ain't there never supposed to
be no trouble in this joint?

SALVY and JOEY give each other looks. JOEY goes out after VICKIE.

34 EXT: COPACABANA - NIGHT

JOEY looks up the street for VICKIE. She is gone.

SALVY and PATSY come out of the entrance.

SALVY
Hey Joey, whadda ya lookin' to
die young?

JOEY
(as he turns and lashes
into Salvy and Patsy)
I'll suck your eyes out! I'll
fuckin' take the two of you.

After a few moments, PAUL and the BOUNCERS from the Copa come out. The BOUNCERS pull PATSY away. They try to separate SALVY and JOEY, but can't.

JOEY savagely beats SALVY on the Copa steps and in the street against the parked cars.

JOEY (contd)
Fuckin' low-life, cocksucker,
etc. ...

SALVY tries to fight back, but JOEY is too tough for him. SALVY hits the pavement. JOEY kicks him.

PAUL, PATSY, and the BOUNCERS finally pull JOEY away. PATSY tries to go after JOEY again, but PAUL stops him.

PATSY
(to Paul)
Don't fuckin' put your hands
on me! You're gonna hear
about this, Paul.

34 CONTD

PAUL
(to Patsy)
Get the fuck outa here. Don't come in my place and start fuckin' trouble -- I don't care who you are!
(to Joey)
Get outa here. Go on.

Joey looks back at him, and then walks away.

35 INT: THE BACK ROOM OF THE DEBONAIR SOCIAL CLUB

The room is furnished with a few round tables and some chairs; it is somewhat reminiscent of an old-fashioned candy store.

TOMMY COMO, SALVY, PATSY, and JOEY are present. SALVY's face is bruised from the beating JOEY gave him.

COMO
All right, I don't have to hear any more. I think I understand what happened. I understand it was your brother's wife and there was probably a misunderstanding. I'm not sayin' Salvy shouldn't have acted the way he did. But, you've been around long enough to know you don't raise your hands to none of us. Anybody takes on one of us takes on all of us. Nobody fools around with us. Nobody. You understand? This time you're getting away with it. But don't ever do it again, not if you want to stay in one piece. You understand?

JOEY
Yeah, I understand, Tommy.

COMO
All right, you guys, shake hands.

SALVY, JOEY and PATSY shake hands.

COMO (contd)
Go 'head. Be friends. That's it.
(to SALVY AND Patsy)
All right, lemme be alone with him for a minute.

35 CONTD

SALVY and PATSY exit.

There is a pause.

COMO
Aside from everything else, your family all right?

JOEY
Yeah, they're good. They're good, Tommy.

COMO
What is it with you? Can't you talk? You got like a funny attitude. I can't figure you out, Joey. What's with you and the quick answers? You wanna get outa here fast?

JOEY
Aw, Tommy, c'mon, it ain't that.

COMO
Look Joey, I wanna tell you something. Your brother ain't gonna get nowhere without us -- nowhere. And I'm tellin' you between the two of us, it's gettin' to the point where it's gettin' to be a real embarrassment to me, a real embarrassment.

JOEY
How can he embarrass <u>you</u>?

COMO
He's an embarrassment because Frankie and the other guys are expectin' me to do something about it, and I'm lookin' very bad. I can't deliver a kid from my own neighborhood. Why's he make it so hard on himself? He comes to me, I can make it easier for him. Now he's doin' a little ok, and all of a sudden he don't wanna know us any more.

JOEY
Tommy, Jake respects you. He won't even say hello to anybody
(MORE)

35 CONTD

JOEY (contd)
else -- you know that. But you know when Jake gets set on somethin', Jesus Christ Almighty could get off the fuckin' cross and he ain't gonna talk him out of it. I'm his kid brother. I got no say with Jake on this. He thinks he can buck everybody and make it on his own.

COMO
Make it on his own? Does he know the kind of money involved? I don't mean his crummy purses, I mean the real money. In the odds? He thinks he's gonna become champ on his own? We're gonna sit by and see some nut come in there and hold one of the most important titles in the world? A nut who don't listen to anybody or respect anybody? Is he really crazy? Listen, Joey, you understand, you tell him. I don't care how great he is or how colorful, he ain't gonna get a crack at the title without us. Now do you think you can make him understand that one simple elementary fact of life? I'm not askin' you to do another thing except get that message into that thick head!

36 EXT: SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY

Another day. JOEY, fully clothed, opens the gate and looks around.

JAKE is sitting alone near the deep end. JOEY walks over to him.

JOEY
Whatch doin'?

JAKE
(morose)
I remember the first time I met Vickie. She was like a angel come outa heaven ... I know there's somethin' up. I
(MORE)

36 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
know she's doin' somethin', but I can't catch her ...

JOEY
Maybe she's afraid you're gonna hit her so she can't talk to you the way she wants to.

JAKE
What do you mean?

JOEY
Try talkin' to her. She's your wife -- ask her what's the matter.

JAKE
When I was away, did you ever notice anything funny with her? Tell me the truth.

JOEY
Jack, if there was anything funny, I would tell you.

JAKE
I want you to keep an eye on her when I'm not here. Understand?

JOEY
Sure, I'll keep an eye on her.

JAKE
What did Tommy say?

JOEY
I got good news, and I got bad news. The good news is you got your shot at the title. The bad news is ...

JAKE
(interrupting, resigned)
Yeah, I know.

37 INT: WORTH STREET BASEMENT - DAY

As BILLY FOX steps off the scales, EDDIE EGAN calls out:

37 CONTD

EGAN
Billy Fox, 158 pounds (?).

JOEY removes JAKE's leopard-skin robe as he steps on the scale. The reporters crowd around.

EGAN (contd)
Jake LaMotta, 165 pounds.

JAKE'S HANDLERS urge him with words of encouragement as they walk toward his dressing room.

38 INT: JAKE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

EGAN walks over.

JOEY
What's up, Colonel?

EGAN
I'd like to talk to Jake a minute.

JOEY
Sure.

EGAN
I suppose you heard what everybody's been saying, Jake.

JAKE
What who's been sayin'?

EGAN
You were a big favorite in this fight. Then two days ago the odds start jumping all over the place until you're a 12-5 underdog.

JAKE
I don't follow no gamblin' Commissioner. I'm just a fighter.

EGAN
Now the fight's off the books altogether. Meyer Lansky couldn't get a bet down on this fight. Some people are saying you're going into the tank.

JAKE
Believe what you want.

38 CONTD

EGAN
I want to believe you, LaMotta.

JAKE
I'm gonna kill him. That fuckin' jig's gonna wish he never came outa the jungle. You got any money?

EGAN
What?

JAKE
You got any money you want to bet on Billy Fox, you can put it right here ...
(extends his hand)
'cause Jake LaMotta don't go down for nobody.

EGAN taps JAKE on the shoulder.

EGAN
That's all I wanted to hear.

JAKE glares at EGAN as the COMMISSIONER walks away.

39 INT: MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

The old Garden is packed. The EX-CHAMPS, the PRESS, the OFFICIALS, the MOB GUYS, the FANS -- they're all here.

The FIGHTERS are announced. BILLY FOX and JAKE touch gloves and return to their corners.

FOX is taller and has a longer reach then JAKE.

The bell sounds and the FIGHTERS come out. FOX goes to the head; JAKE goes to the body.

FOX lands a solid blow to JAKE's jaw, but LAMOTTA is unfazed. FOX is surprised. In the past, his opponents have gone down when he connected.

In the audience, COMO, SALVY, and some other BOYS watch with interest.

JAKE moves in with a rapid series of trademark body blows. All of a sudden, FOX is wobbly. JAKE goes for the head, then cuts his punch short. FOX is about to go down.

39 CONTD

JAKE throws his arms around FOX to make sure he doesn't fall.

JAKE
(to Fox -- or what Jake actually said)
Stand up! What the fuck are you doin'?

The REFEREE breaks them apart and FOX remounts his attack. JAKE bicycles into a corner and lets FOX work him over.

FOX connects: once, twice, three times. JAKE barely defends himself -- but he doesn't go down either.

The CROWD starts to smell a fix. There are calls from the audience.

CROWD
Got your swimming trunks on, Jake?
I hope they're paying you enough.
Fake, fake.

TIME CUT:

JAKE's corner. JAKE is acting stunned. TONY, not aware of what's going on, is slapping JAKE.

TONY
What's the matter with you?
What's the matter with you?

TIME CUT:

The sign reads "Round Four." JAKE is in the center of the ring taking a relentless pasting from FOX. JAKE's arms hang at waist level. FOX lands one blow after another. The stink of a fix permeates the arena.

JAKE is furious that FOX can't deck him. He curses through his mouthpiece (as he absorbs blow after blow):

JAKE
Hit me! Hit me! What's the matter with you, you motherfucker? Hit me!

Boos and catcalls echo through the Garden. This is not

39 CONTD

even a fight. The REFEREE, realizing this, steps in between FOX and LAMOTTA, waves his arms and signals that FOX is the winner by a technical knockout.

As he does, JAKE spits his mouthpiece in disgust at FOX and struts back to his corner.

JAKE, JOEY, and TONY are already on their way out of the arena as the REFEREE declares FOX the winner. (Is this so?)

COMO and the others, satisfied, get up to leave.

40 EXT: IDA'S HOUSE - DAY

IDA, JAKE's first wife, is standing on the porch of her low-rent duplex in the same section of the Bronx where she used to live with JAKE. She wears a demure brown hobble skirt and Buster Brown collar.

IDA is still an attractive redhead. (She is, after all, only 24 years old.) Her attorney, PAUL MELTZER, is at her side. A cluster of REPORTERS gathers around her.

1ST REPORTER
Mrs. LaMotta, there's going to be an investigation of Jake's fight with Billy Fox. All the columnists are saying he took a dive. Do you have any comment?

IDA
My husband would never take a dive. His only goal in life is to be middleweight champion. If you know anything about boxing, I'm sure you know you can't become a champion by losing fights.

2ND REPORTER
About the claim you filed yesterday in Bronx District Court ...

IDA
I'm the only real Mrs. LaMotta.

MELTZER
Mr. LaMotta's Mexican divorce will have no weight in court.

IDA
The only way Jake coulda legally separated from me if was he killed
(MORE)

40 CONTD

IDA (contd)
me -- and don't think he didn't try. If he'd paid me as much as his sparring partners, I wouldn't be suing him now. I get $400 a month for myself and our two kids. And it would have been three kids if he hadn't kicked me when I was pregnant ...

1ST REPORTER
I was at Madison Square Garden. He certainly didn't look like a fighter there.

IDA
Yeah? You shoulda seen him in the bedroom.

MELTZER steps in to clam his client down.

41 EXT: PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The backyard is furnished with typical fifties "patio furniture." The picnic table is covered with open newspapers.

JOEY
(yelling)
It woulda been so easy, Jack. So easy ...

JOEY goes into a boxing stance.

JOEY (contd)
Stick out your hands, Jake.

JAKE
C'mon, Joey.

JOEY
G'wan, do it.
(jabs at him)
Protect yourself, rummy.

JAKE, out of reflex, sticks out his hands. As he does, JOEY feigns a hit and falls onto the grass -- "out cold." JAKE looks down at him.

JOEY pops to his feet.

JOEY
See? That's all there was to it.

41 CONTD

JAKE
What the fuck they want? I took the dive. They want me to fall down too?
(pathetic)
I never went down in my life. Joey, what do I gotta do? Crawl on my hands and knees? I made an asshole of myself in the fuckin' Garden! All the newspaper writers make fun of me. I'm the bum of the year. All I want is a shot. Just a fuckin' shot. What do I gotta do? I'll do anything.

JOEY
Except fall down like any normal human.

JAKE
Yeah. Except that.

JOEY
It ain't so bad. I talked to Tommy.

JAKE
Yeah?

JOEY
You gotta take a rest now. So, you enjoy the suspension. Let the Commissioner and the D.A. jerk you around. Eat some shit.

JAKE
Jesus Christ! Seven months! What am I gonna do for seven months? I'm gonna go crazy. How do I keep my strength? By that time I'll be too weak to win the title. And my weight? Forget about it -- I'm gonna blow up like a balloon. I ain't never gonna hold my weight down. Seven months! I don't know ...

JOEY
Look, Tommy don't forget. Sooner or later you'll get shot, if Tommy don't die.

42 EXT: SHERATON-CADILLAC HOTEL/DETROIT (1949) - DAY

It's raining outside the stately Sheraton-Cadillac.

A banner above the door proclaims.

The Sheraton-Cadillac Welcomes
Marcel Cerdan
Middleweight Champion of the World
and the Challenger
Jake LaMotta

43 INT: SHERATON-CADILLAC LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is chaotic: FIGHT PEOPLE and SPORTSWRITERS mill anxiously about. Something's in the air.

The BELL CAPTAIN pages:

BELL CAPTAIN
Mr. Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS, THE DETROIT PROMOTER last seen in The Copacabana Lounge, answers the page.

WILLIAMS listens on the phone a moment, then hands it back to the BELL CAPTAIN and announces:

DETROIT PROMOTER
It's official. The fight's been postponed twenty-four hours.

A groan goes up from the lobby.

44 INT: LAMOTTA'S SUITE - DAY

JAKE's suite is modestly decorated and consists of a living room and two bedrooms.

DR. PINTO is there sewing up a pork chop.

JAKE, shadow-boxing in sportswear, paces back and forth.

TONY watches him. VICKIE sits quietly on the sofa, sipping some wine.

JOEY is on the phone.

JOEY
That's right. "No comment."
(listens)
You like that? Good, 'cause I got a lot more "No comments" where that one came from.

44 CONTD

JOEY cuts the line off, then leaves the receiver off the hook.

JOEY (contd)
I'm gonna order up some stuff. Have a steak.

JAKE
I can't eat a steak. If I eat a steak, I'm gonna have trouble making the weigh-in.

JOEY
So eat just a little. You gotta eat something.

JAKE
What am I gonna do for 24 hours? I can't even eat!

JAKE goes into the bedroom.

JOEY goes over to the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
(shows him the pork chop)
How's that?

JOEY
How long did it take you?

DOCTOR
45 seconds.

JOEY
No good. Try to get it down. It's gotta be no more than 30 seconds to be on the safe side if we gotta stitch him up.

45 INT: THE BEDROOM

JAKE is alone. There is a knock at the door. JOEY opens it and pokes his head in.

JOEY
Jake, somebody wants to say hello to you.

JOEY opens the door wider. TOMMY COMO is at the door with JOEY. JAKE goes over to the door.

COMO
Hey champ!

45 CONTD

JAKE
Tommy, thanks for coming over.

COMO
You just take it easy, now. You'll do all right. Feelin' ok?

JAKE
I'm ok.

COMO
Just come by to wish you luck.
(shakes his hand)
Need anything?

JAKE
No, we're all right. Thanks anyway, Tommy.

COMO
Ok, champ.

COMO turns to go. He says goodbye to everyone in the living room. He goes over and kisses VICKIE. JAKE watches this from the bedroom doorway.

COMO (contd)
(as he kisses Vickie)
Look at her. As beautiful as always. Take care of that guy, will ya?

VICKIE
(going to the door with him)
I'll take care of him. Thanks, Tommy. Bye.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
C'mere.

She goes to the bedroom doorway. JAKE grabs her arm, pulls her in, and slams the door.

JAKE (contd)
(pushing her toward the bed area)
Hey, you don't say goodbye to him like that.

45 CONTD

VICKIE
What did I do?

JAKE
(pushing her)
You don't kiss like that. Hello and goodbye, that's all you do.

VICKIE
All I did ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
You know what I'm talking about. Don't ever make me look bad on the night of my big fight.

VICKIE
You're hurting my arm.

JAKE has her by the night table now. They are edging their way to the wall.

JAKE
Shut up. You just say hello and goodbye to him. You don't kiss him the way you did. That's out of line.

JAKE pushes her against the wall. The lamp falls. There is a loud crash. She tries to move away. He grabs her by the throat and pins her against the wall. She's gagging.

VICKIE
But Jake ... I didn't say anything ...

JAKE
Don't <u>ever</u> do that again. You <u>don't</u>
(he pushes her against the wall)
do it!

VICKIE
(gagging)
Jake ...

JOEY looks in and then starts to come over.

45 CONTD

JAKE
You hear what I said? You don't do it.

He pushes her again. VICKIE tries to get away, but can't move.

JAKE (contd)
(pushing her again)
You don't do it.

JOEY has his hand on JAKE's arm, trying to pry it away from VICKIE's throat.

JOEY
Jake, Jake ...

TONY and the DOCTOR watch from the doorway.

VICKIE's eyes close. JAKE releases his grip. JOEY helps VICKIE. JAKE watches this.

JAKE
(to himself)
She ain't gonna ruin this fight for me.

46 EXT: BRIGGS STADIUM - NIGHT

Bright floodlights illuminate the arena. The weather's clear and the stadium is filled with cheering fight FANS.

JOHNNY ADDI steps into the center of the ring and begins to introduce the many celebrities that have gathered for the fight.

JOHNNY ADDI
And here is the young man who has inherited Marcel Cerdan's European Championship, Laurent Dauthuille.

DAUTHUILLE jumps into the ring.

While we hear ADDI introduce the boxers and celebrities, WE WATCH a RAPID MONTAGE: JAKE preparing for the title bout:

47 PRE-FIGHT MONTAGE

A) JOEY massages JAKE's neck, loosening him up.

47 CONTD

B) JAKE pulls his satin shorts over his groin protector cup.

C) REPRISE OF IMAGES from previous scene (SLOW MOTION). NEW ANGLE.

TOMMY COMO shakes JAKE's hand in the bedroom doorway. VICKIE kisses COMO. JAKE watches.

JOHNNY AEDI (VO)
Now I'd like to ask America's most decorated war hero to stand up and take a bow from the audience. It's a real privilege to have him here tonight. He'll soon be starring in his next motion picture, "Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven" -- Captain Audie Murphy!

D) JAKE laces up his shoes.

E) DR. PINTO injects a hypodermic needle filled with novacaine into each of JAKE's fists.

F) REPRISE OF IMAGES from previous scene (SLOW MOTION). NEW ANGLE.

JOEY shakes hands with COMO as he leaves the hotel room. JAKE watches. JOEY smiles at COMO as COMO kisses VICKIE. JAKE watches.

JOHNNY ADDI (VO)
And our very special guest tonight needs no introduction. The only man to defend the heavyweight crown a remarkable 25 times, the king of all heavyweights, the Brown Bomber, Joe Louis! Come into the ring, Joe.

JOE LOUIS (VO)
Thank you, Johnny. Let's bring the middleweight crown back to the old U.S.A. where it belongs!

Many cheers.

G) TONY tapes JAKE's hands. The tape binds his knuckles and wrists.

H) WE SEE a pan with a raw steak in it. JOEY drains the blood (juice) into a glass, and JAKE takes a long, slow swallow.

47 CONTD

I) REPRISE OF IMAGES from previous scene (SLOW MOTION). NEW ANGLE

JAKE strangles VICKIE in the bedroom, then releases her.

JOEY looks after her, but the IMAGE makes them look as if they're making love. JAKE watches.

JOHNNY ADDI (VO)
And in this corner, the middleweight champion of the world, from Sidi Bel-Addes, Algeria, the Casablanca Clouter, Marcel Cerdan!

J) TONY laces up JAKE's gloves.

K) JAKE, ready to fight, bounces on the balls of his feet.

L) JAKE, wearing his trousers again, walks alone down the dark corridor of the hotel. He starts to shadow-box.

48 INT: BRIGGS STADIUM - NIGHT

JAKE, wearing his leopard-skin robe, is pushed through the crowd by JOEY, TONY, and his HANDLERS. He's still shadow-boxing.

JAKE steps into the ring to both cheers and boos (many still remember the Fox fight). JAKE raises his gloves.

JOHNNY ADDI
And in the opposite corner, from New York, New York, the challenger, the Bronx Bull, Jake LaMotta!

JAKE shakes hands with the assembled celebrities and ex-champions.

JAKE
I only wish it was you, Joe.

JOE LOUIS
Win the belt back for us, Jake. Good luck.

JAKE glances at VICKIE who is sitting in the third row. She is nervous.

TIME CUT:

48 CONTD

The opening bell sounds. CERDAN and LAMOTTA touch gloves and begin the fight.

JAKE is hot: there's no stopping him tonight. He fights like a man possessed.

CERDAN clinches JAKE to avoid his brutal body blows. JAKE pushes him out of the clinch in disgust.

There are no more boos. JAKE has won over the crowd.

TIME CUT:

End of Round Nine. JAKE is working over a bloody CERDAN. Punches to the body, then to the head, then back to the body. The bell sounds.

JAKE walks back to his corner and sits down. JOEY is ecstatic:

JOEY
Look at him, Jackie! You got it! The fucking championship! He's yours! Finish him off.

JAKE doesn't have the chance. The REF, standing in CERDAN's corner, waves his hands signaling the end of the fight.

The REF holds up JAKE's hands as ADDI takes the mike:

JOHNNY ADDI
The new middleweight champion of the world by a knockout after nine rounds, the Bronx Bull, Jake LaMotta!

JOEY is all over him. TONY helps VICKIE through the mob.

The OFFICIALS clear a circle as they bring over the jewel-studded championship belt. JOE LOUIS fastens the belt around JAKE's waist.

JAKE touhes the oversized belt with his bloody gloves. Tears fall across JAKE's huge grin as he holds his hands high in the air. It is the most glorious night in his life.

49 EXT: "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT (1956)

The name "Jake LaMotta's Celebrity Lounge" (?) is

49 CONTD

emblazoned in neon across a lounge/liquor store on Collins Avenue, Miami's main drag. JAKE's bar is across from The Rooney Plaza, one of Miami's more prestigious hotels.

Fifties cars are parked outside the club.

50 INT: "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT

JAKE LAMOTTA, 35 years old, wearing a tux, steps in front of a large painted wall mural of the Cerdan fight as he enters his club.

The lounge is dominated by a large circular bar. Featured entertainers perform on a raised platform in the center of the bar.

The club is half filled with SPORTS, ENTERTAINMENT and MOB types.

The small BAND plays a routine fanfare as JAKE steps onto the platform. He takes the mike with one hand and silences the BAND with the other. The applause dies out as he speaks:

JAKE
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's a thrill to be standing here talking to you wonderful people. In fact, it's a thrill to be standing at all! I haven't seen so many people since my last fight at Madison Square Garden. After that fight a reporter asked me, "Jake, where do you go from here?" I said, "To a hospital."

About half the PATRONS are listening; of them, half are laughing -- some a little too loud.

JAKE (contd)
I fought one hundred and seven professional fights and none of them bums figured out how to fight me -- they kept hitting me in bed. I mean in the head! Oops, I'm getting a little confused here, maybe I better sit down.
(calls to the bar)
Will somebody at the bar -- Linda? -- get me a stool and a drink and
(MORE)

50 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
we'll be all right. It's not easy having your own joint, especially if you're too cheap to hire class entertainment.

LINDA hands him a tall drink.

JAKE (contd)
Thanks, honey. Fine little girl there.

JAKE takes a long sip from his glass of Scotch.

JAKE then does a few jokes on "Hard luck." In this brief routine, we learn that MARCEL CERDAN died in a plane crash before the next fight. Then JAKE talks about "Jealousy." He quotes from Othello. (This part of the routine to be researched.)

51 INT: JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

JAKE is struggling with his later model ten-inch RCA TV. He fools with the dials, then slaps the side. The bluish video image comes and goes. JOEY watches JAKE fix the TV.

JAKE has a half-eaten sandwich in his hand.

VICKI enters the house, surprised to find JAKE home.

VICKI
Jake, you're home.

JAKE looks up at her. She goes over to him and kisses him.

JOEY gives VICKIE a polite peck on the mouth.

JOEY
Hi, Vickie.

JAKE watches JOEY kiss VICKIE. VICKIE notices JAKE's reaction.

VICKIE
What's wrong?

JAKE
Tryin' to get this fuckin' TV to work. Paid all this money for it and still can't get a station a
(MORE)

51 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
mile away. And Mr. Wizard here ain't no help.

JOEY
Screw you, Jack.

VICKIE goes into the bedroom to take off her coat.

JAKE
(to Joey)
What's that kissing on the mouth shit?

JOEY
What? I just said hello. Since when I can't kiss my sister-in-law?

JAKE
Ain't a cheek ever good enough for you? I never even kissed Mama on the mouth.

JOEY
Well, you're not supposed to kiss your mother on the mouth.

JAKE
Well, that's what I mean.

JAKE leans over the TV.

JOEY
Watch out, Jack. Your stomach's in the way.

JAKE
Don't be a smart ass.

JOEY
Don't look at me; I'm just your manager. The minute you start to be champ, you start eating like there's no tomorrow.

JAKE
So, because I'm champ, I gotta be a monk?

JOEY
Don't pay no attention to me. I don't know nothing. All I know is that I don't have to fight next month.

51 CONTD

JAKE
Don't worry about me. You don't know how strong I'm gettin'. Dr. Pinto's givin' me tetesterone shots.

JOEY
What the hell is that?

JAKE
It's a hormone. It comes from the balls of a bull.

JOEY
That's great, Jack. But you ain't fighting in Mexico.

JAKE looks up at JOEY.

JAKE
Answer me somethin'. What happened at the Copa with Salvy when I was out of town?

JOEY
(being as vague as possible)
Nothin'. Salvy was out of line. He was drunk or somethin', I dunno. Anyway, the windup was I gave him a beatin'. Tommy called me down, and we straightened it out. It's all forgotten about.

JAKE
Did it have anythin' to do with me?

JOEY
No, I just told you what happened.

JAKE
(he obviously knows)
Did it have anythin' to do with Vickie?

JOEY
Jake, no. It was just between me and Salvy and it's all over now.

JAKE
Well, I heard some things.

51 CONTD

JOEY
(nervous)
What kind of things?

JAKE
I heard some things I didn't like, that's all.

JOEY
Will you stop worryin' about that shit? Forget about it.

JAKE
(closing in)
Did Salvy fuck Vickie?

JOEY
What?

JAKE
You're supposed to keep an eye on her for me. I'm askin' ...

JOEY
(interrupting)
I did.

JAKE
Then why did you give him a beatin' if he didn't do anything? You and him been friends a long time.

JOEY
Some things have changed between us. Now, he thinks who the fuck he is. He's been passing certain remarks that I don't like.

JAKE
(interrupting)
Don't bullshit me, Joey.

JOEY
Hey, I'm your brother. You believe me? You trust me?

JAKE
When it comes to her, I don't trust nobody. I'm askin' you something.

51 CONTD

JOEY
Well, you're wrong, Jack. I'm tellin' you what happened. He got outa line, we had a fight, and it's straightened out now.

JAKE
(suspicious)
I gotta accept your word, but if I find out anythin', I'm gonna kill somebody ...

JOEY
(yelling)
So, go ahead. Kill everybody. Kill Salvy, kill Vickie, kill Tommy Como, kill me while you're at it. What do I care? You're killing yourself the way you're eating, the way you worry about things you don't have to worry about.

JAKE
(interrupting, catching Joey)
What do you mean "you"?

JOEY
(caught)
I mean, kill everybody. You or me or anybody. Kill, kill ... G'head.

JAKE
But you said "you."

JOEY
So what?

JAKE
Eh Joey, even you don't know what you meant. You mentioned Salvy, Tommy Como, you -- that means somethin'. Why did you mention them? You coulda said anybody.

JOEY
You're worried about this girl, you're gonna let this girl ruin your life for you ... You wanna
(MORE)

51 CONTD

JOEY (contd)
worry, worry about your stomach that you can't bend over -- that you gotta step in the ring in a month.

JAKE
Did you ever fuck my wife?

JOEY
What?

JAKE
I don't mean now. I mean before -- before we met.

JOEY
What are you saying?

JAKE
You're very smart, Joey, very smart. Nobody gives me a straight answer around here. You're givin' me these answers, but you still didn't answer my question. Did you fuck Vickie?

JOEY
(fed up, he starts to leave)
I gotta go. I gotta get outa here. I can't take this shit. Lenore is waitin' for me. I gotta go. You're fuckin' crazy, you know that, crazy.

JOEY leaves. JAKE goes into the bedroom. VICKIE is there.

JAKE
Where you been all day?

VICKIE
I took the kids to my sister's.

JAKE
I called. You weren't there.

VICKIE
I got bored so I went to the movies.

51 CONTD

JAKE
What'd you see?

VICKIE
[Mention film to be researched.]

JAKE
What was it about?

VICKIE
Oh, c'mon. For Christsake, do I have to tell you everything?

JAKE
What happened at the Copa?

VICKIE
What're you talking about?

JAKE
Answer me when I talk to you. What happened at ...

VICKIE
(interrupting, yelling)
I am answering ...

JAKE
(hits her)
What do I have to do to get a straight answer around here.

JAKE holds onto her, but she gets away.

VICKIE
Jake, no --

JAKE
(as he chases her around the room)
Do I have to kill you, eh?
(hits her)
Do I have to kill somebody to get an answer?
(hits her)
I know about you at the Copa. I know all about it.

JAKE catches her.

VICKIE
I didn't do anything wrong. I swear. I just had a few drinks.

51 CONTD

JAKE
(pins her down, hits her)
With Salvy, eh?

VICKIE
I went with Sandy and Vera. Salvy was there.
(gets hit)
Stop it. I just had a drink, that's all. I didn't do anything wrong.
(gets hit)

VICKIE escapes and locks herself in the bathroom.

JAKE
(by bathroom door)
Come out of there! Did you fuck Salvy?
(punches door)
Answer me. Open this fuckin' door, you fuckin' cunt!
(punches door)
Who've you been fuckin'?

VICKIE
(from inside bathroom)
Nobody, I tell you. Jake stop it.

JAKE
You're a fuckin' liar.

He breaks down the door.

JAKE (contd)
Who've you been fuckin'? Salvy?
(hits her)
Tommy Como?
(hits her)
I can't trust nobody.
(hits her)
Did you fuck Joey?
(hits her)
Who you been fuckin'?

She finally manages to push him away.

VICKIE
All right, I fucked everybody! You hear, everybody! What am I,
(MORE)

51 CONTD

VICKIE (contd)
a prisoner? I can't go out for a fuckin' drink. Go ahead, kill me, kill me.

VICKIE takes JAKE's hand and hits herself. JAKE is stunned.

VICKIE (contd)
Is that what you want to hear? I'll say anything you want me to say. I fucked Salvy. I fucked Tommy. I fucked your brother. I fucked everybody! What do you want to hear? I'll say anything!

JAKE starts to walk away. VICKIE goes after him.

VICKIE
Jake, Jake. No, I didn't mean it. I was lying. Jake, where you going?

JAKE is gone.

52 INT: JOEY'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - DAY

JOEY is at the kitchen table eating lunch with his family. His wife, LENORE, her hair done up in pin curls, sits next to him. JOEY's two KIDS sit across the table from them, bickering.

JOEY
(to kids)
Don't hit your brother! Be nice.

Suddenly, JAKE comes through the front door, goes directly to the table, grabs JOEY, lifts him into the air, and starts hitting him.

JOEY (contd)
Jake, stop it.

JAKE keeps hitting JOEY. The KIDS start to cry. LENORE wants to stop the fight, but is afraid to get too close.

JAKE
Was Vickie part of the deal with Tommy? Was my wife part of the deal? Tell me, was that it?

JOEY
Stop it. What're you, crazy?

52 CONTD

JAKE drags JOEY into the living room, and pushes him onto the floor.

JAKE
(kneeling over Joey and hitting him)
You didn't tell me. You didn't tell me. You let me marry her. You let me marry her.

VICKIE rushes into the house, past LENORE and the two KIDS who are screaming even louder by now.

VICKIE
(hitting Jake on his back as he hits Joey)
You're killing him. You're killing him. All for nothing. Stop it.

JAKE
(hits her)
Get the fuck outa here. Whadda you mean "nothing"? You stupid bitch!

VICKIE
(still hitting Jake)
Nothing is what I said! Go on, kill me.
(hits him)
Kill me.
(hits him)
I'm not afraid of you anymore. I don't care if you kill me like you're killing him -- the only one who cares about you. You're a sick animal.

JOEY is knocked out. LENORE goes over to him and holds him.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
You're the fuckin' animal! You ran around with every guy I knew while I was breakin' my ass for you.

VICKIE
(as she pushes and hits Jake to the front door)
You're not only an animal, you're
(MORE)

52 CONTD

VICKIE (contd)
a stupid animal. You're a fool on top of everything else! You fool, your brother's the only one who never made a pass at me. That's the kind of friends you have.
(pushes and hits him out the front door)
You're rotten.
(hits him)
Rotten.
(hits him)
Rotten.
(hits him)
You're a sick maniac. A maniac! You belong in an asylum.

53 EXT: JOEY'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - DAY

VICKIE gives JAKE a final push out the door and then slams it in his face.

JAKE is left alone on the front steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT: JAKE'S LIVING ROOM

JAKE sits alone in the darkness.

VICKIE lets herself in. She comes and stands behind him.

VICKIE
Well, he ain't dead in case you're interested.
(pacing)
I'm leaving you. And I don't care if you do try to kill me. Go ahead. I'm not afraid of you anymore. There's worse things than being dead and one of them's living with you --
(pause)
I'm leaving tonight. I must have been crazier than you are for stayin' with you this long. You don't believe the people who care for you. You're hopeless. Because you're not gonna let anybody love you. I kept thinking that you'd change when you got to be the champ -- that you'd see
(MORE)

54 CONTD

VICKIE (contd)
that everybody isn't out to fool you or cheat you. But I just can't take it anymore. I'm taking the children, and I'm leavin'.

There is a pause.

JAKE
Aw, Vickie, aw Vickie, please no. Vickie, no ... don't leave me. Christ, I'm pleading ... I know, I know all the bad things, but I need you. I'm a bum without you and the kids. I'll change. Aw, Vickie, maybe I don't do it the right way, but I love you. I love you.

There is a pause.

VICKIE
You know, if there's one thing -- I just don't understand you, not one single little bit. You love me?

JAKE
Yeah --

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT: STEAM BATH - NIGHT

The steam is oppressively thick. It must be 140 degrees.

JAKE, nude, does push-ups on the floor. His body is bathed in sweat.

He pushes himself up, then collapses. His eyes are glazed over from lack of strength.

He makes his way to the door and pounds on it.

TONY opens the door and gets on his knees beside JAKE.

TONY
It ain't worth it, Jake. Get out.

JAKE
(barely coherent)
What time is it?

55 CONTD

TONY
Nine o'clock.

JAKE
At night?

TONY
Yeah. At night.

JAKE
How many pounds I gotta lose?

TONY
Three more, I figure.

JAKE
Just give me a chip of ice to put in my mouth. Just a chip of ice.

TONY
I'll give you anything you want, Jake. I think you should come out for a few minutes -- give yourself a break.

JAKE
(barely audible)
Are you outa your mind? If I come out, I'll lose the title.

56 INT: JAKE'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

VICKIE is seated on the sofa, reading newspapers. JAKE is pacing.

VICKIE
Jake, why don't you just try lying down and get some rest.

JAKE
I don't know what it is. I dunno, it's the kind of thing that -- the words won't come out.

VICKIE
Jake --

JAKE
What?

VICKIE
I want to say something to you without you blowing your stack.

56 CONTD

JAKE
Ok. Talk.

VICKIE
(pause)
Why don't you just call him up?

JAKE
What do I say to him? Call him up on the phone and say, "Joey, I'm sorry about that little trouble we had. How about havin' dinner?" Is that what I say?

VICKIE
No, not that.

JAKE
Then what?

VICKIE
(pause)
I don't know.

57 EXT: OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - DETROIT - NIGHT

The LAMOTTA-DAUTHUILLE middleweight championship is told through the eyes and words of the RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER. JAKE is not doing well.

ANNOUNCER
... Ladies and gentlemen, I've sat in front of these microphones for over twenty years but this is the strangest championship bout I've ever seen. With two minutes to go in the final round, the champion, the mighty Bull from the Bronx, is just simply taking punch after punch from the challenger. Dauthuille scores a combination, then backpedals. LaMotta pursues him. One minute to go. Laurent Dauthuille, who has already beat LaMotta in a non-title bout, is about to fulfill a dream -- to bring the middleweight crown back to France.

In the ring, JAKE looks like he's on queer street. Bouncing off the ropes, opening his jaw to DAUTHUILLE.

57 CONTD

But DAUTHUILLE's punches lack strength. JAKE is playing possum.

ANNOUNCER (contd)
Thirty seconds to go. The Bull starts to swing. LaMotta comes in for a brutal body combination: one, two, three, four punches. LaMotta has landed a solid left hook to the Frenchman's jaw! Dauthuille seems confused. LaMotta is swinging wildly now: right, left, right, left! Dauthuille is backing off! Everyone is on their feet! I can hardly see, ladies and gentlemen. Dauthuille is on the ropes. LaMotta hits a right -- Dauthuille is down! Dauthuille is down! Referee Lou Handler is counting him out -- three, four, five -- if Dauthuille can stand, he'll win the decision -- eight, nine -- Dauthuille is on one knee -- ten! It's all over! With thirteen seconds left on the clock, Jake LaMotta has retained his middleweight championship in one of the most remarkable comebacks in boxing! Dauthuille is standing now, confused. But the fight is over.

The REFEREE holds up JAKE's victorious hand. He seems as surprised as everyone else.

TONY throws JAKE's robe around his shoulders as LOU HANDLER calls out:

REFEREE
The middleweight champion, and still champion by a knockout in fifteen rounds (?), the Bronx Bull, Jake LaMotta!

The CROWD cheers. JAKE raises his arms in victory.

58 INT: JAKE'S DRESSING ROOM - OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

It is after the fight. TONY, VICKIE, and others are in the room. Some PEOPLE are leaving. Congratulations are heard.

TONY puts away JAKE's fight gear.

58 CONTD

JAKE, half-dressed, looks troubled.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
I miss Joey. I wish Joey was here.

VICKIE
Why don't you just call him?

JAKE
I dunno.

VICKIE
Tell him how you feel -- you miss him. Tell him you're sorry.

JAKE
(after a pause)
OK, all right. Telephone's over there. Dial his number.

VICKIE goes to the pay phone on the wall, and dials long distance.

JAKE is nervous.

JAKE
(as she gets long distance on the phone)
Tony, everybody, will you wait outside for a minute?

They leave.

The number starts to ring, and VICKIE hands the phone to JAKE.

JOEY (OS)
Hello ... hello ...

JAKE can't answer.

JOEY (OS) (contd)
What's this, a joke? Hello ... Hey!

JAKE can't answer.

JOEY (OS) (contd)
Well, if there's somebody listenin',
(MORE)

58 CONTD

JOEY (OS) (contd)
their mother's a fuckin' whore who takes it in the ass.

There is a click as JOEY hangs up.

JAKE stands there, and finally hangs up the phone.

59 INT: "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT (1956)

JAKE gulps down the last of his Scotch.

JAKE
(continuing his monologue)
... I fought Sugar Ray Robinson so many times it's a wonder I don't have diabetes. Linda! Get me another drink. One nice thing about Linda is that you can see her both coming and going. She's the kinda girl I like. You oughta see the kind I get. The record book says I fought Sugar Ray six times and he beat me five ...

LINDA brings another Scotch.

JAKE (contd)
... Thanks, babe. I'll pay you later. But I say I beat him three times -- and I got the movies to prove it. But there wasn't any question about the match on February 14, 1951 ...
(sips his drink)
Valentine's Day. The anniversary of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Robinson didn't use a machine gun but it was still a massacre ...

JAKE takes another drink.

60 INT: JOEY'S BRONX LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LENORE, JOEY's wife, watches the 6th Robinson-Lamotta fight on JOEY's new television console.

JOEY walks by on his way to another room, but stops to watch.

LENORE is not a fight fan, but is caught up in the fight anyway.

60 CONTD

LENORE
Look at that. The sonofabitch is outboxing Robinson.

JOEY
I can't believe he's getting that jab in.

The bell sounds, and a Pabst commercial comes on:

PABST COMMERCIAL
"Friends, the quality that has carried Pabst Blue Ribbon around the world is yours for the asking. Next time that friendly bartender says, "What'll you have?" give him the answer the whole world gives, Pabst Blue Ribbon!"

61 INT: CHICAGO STADIUM - NIGHT

TONY is wiping JAKE off in his corner.

JAKE
He ain't hurting me, but I can't get him down.

TONY
Don't talk. Keep at it. Jab, jab, jab. You're ahead on points.

In the other corner, SUGAR RAY'S TRAINER pats down ROBINSON's pompadour as he says:

S.R.'S TRAINER
He's going, Sugar. He's old. He ain't Jake LaMotta no more. Make your move, Sugar. Kill him!

ROBINSON nods.

The bell sounds and the fighters step onto the canvas. They look at each other before the boxing starts -- they both know the inevitable outcome. ROBINSON smiles.

62 INT: JOEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ROBINSON makes his move. His arms are a blur, swinging rapidly but accurately.

JOEY and LENORE are suddenly silent.

62 CONTD

TV ANNOUNCER
LaMotta's on queer street, but he's still standing. Robinson throws a right, a left, a right, a right and a right again! How can LaMotta stay on his feet?

On TV, ROBINSON has JAKE up against the ropes. He's giving JAKE a pier six beating. It's the Fox fight for real.

JAKE's face is so soaked in blood it's impossible to pin-point the cuts.

TV ANNOUNCER
No man can take this kind of punishment. LaMotta is just a rag doll now. God knows what's holding him up. This is an historic beating. Sugar Ray staggers LaMotta with a left, and comes across with a blackjack punch to the champion's head. The referee is stepping in, Robinson has LaMotta on the ropes. That's it! Sugar Ray Robinson, former welterweight champion, has taken the middleweight crown from Jake LaMotta.

As THE REF stops the fight, JOEY sighs with relief.

63 INT: CHICAGO STADIUM - NIGHT

LAMOTTA, a bloody and beaten fighter, walks over to the victorious ROBINSON and puts his arm on his shoulder.

JAKE
You never knocked me down. You could never knock me down.

SUGAR RAY, receiving congratulations from every direction, takes time to turn to JAKE and say:

ROBINSON
So what? (or what Robinson said)

64 EXT: JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY (1954)

JAKE, VICKIE, and their three CHILDREN are sitting around the beautifully landscaped swimming pool.

VICKIE, made up and wearing a dress, looks her best. JAKE wears baggy swimming trunks that can't hide his paunch, and a hat as seen in his home movies.

64 CONTD

A still PHOTOGRAPHER clicks pictures of JAKE and VICKIE as two REPORTERS talk with JAKE.

JAKE
I'm pulling out of next Wednesday's TV bout 'cause I can't make the weight. I'm fighting at light heavyweight, and I still can't make the weight.

REPORTER
Does that mean ...

JAKE
It means I'm through with boxing. I'm tired with tryin' to make the weight anymore. I'm sick of thinkin' about weight, weight, weight.

REPORTER
You sound bitter.

JAKE
Why should I be bitter? Boxing's been good to me. I got a nice house, three great kids, a beautiful wife -- take a picture of her. Vickie.

VICKIE poses dutifully.

JAKE (contd)
Ain't she beautiful? Coulda been Mrs. America if I didn't pull her outa the contest. Didn't want her wearing a swimsuit for anybody but me.

REPORTER
What do you think of Jake's retirement, Mrs. LaMotta?

JAKE cuts in: VICKIE's getting too much attention.

JAKE
I also bought a club on Collins Avenue, and I'm gonna open it real soon. Know what I'm gonna call it? "Jake LaMotta's."

65 INT: "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT (1956)

JAKE, an empty glass in his hand, stands on the bar platform and sings. He's wearing a white tuxedo jacket with a red rose in the lapel. His tuxedo shirt is stained. His voice is off-key, his speech slightly slurred.

JAKE's onstage version of "That's Entertainment" differs from the backstage version. It's not just that he's a little drunk -- no, his voice is defiant, sadly defiant. He is singing at the patrons rather than to them.

JAKE
"When the fighter's not engaged in
his employment, his employment,
Although he was Champ and quite the
rage,
He must go somewhere else to seek
employment, seek employment.
So what does he do? He goes upon
the stage and meets his true
adversaries,
All you members of the human race.
But a fighter's life is not a bowl
of cherries,
Still I'd rather have an egg than a
fist upon my face ...
That's Entertainment!"

JAKE brings the band to a crescendo with a wave of his hand, then silences it. The spotlight goes out and there is a hearty round of applause.

JAKE ducks under the circular bar.

He receives the kisses, glad handshakes and congratulations of the patrons as he works his way around the club.

JAKE's new friends love him. They are party girls, sports figures, columnists, mobsters, B actors, and other "celebrities."

JAKE poses for a still with TWO BUXOM YOUNG LOVELIES. One girl giggles as he fondles her. After the flash goes off, the girls admire his "small, delicate" hands.

JAKE steps over to a table and greets J. R., a newspaper columnist, and his COMPANIONS.

JAKE
J. R., glad you could make it.

J. R.
You were great, Jake. Just like old
(MORE)

65 CONTD

J. R. (contd)
times. Good thing Sugar Ray wasn't here tonight. Oh Jake, this is State's Attorney Bronson and his wife.

JAKE shakes his hand, then holds it up -- showing an empty palm.

JAKE
(joking)
Sorry, empty! Heh, heh! Oh, I didn't mean that. If I don't give your husband no money, he won't have enough to buy you a drink. To show you I'm a nice guy, this one's on the house. That'll be the payment for this month.

BRONSON is embarrassed. He doesn't think the joke is funny, but he manages a smile. HIS WIFE gives a nervous laugh. JAKE leans over and kisses her.

JAKE (contd)
You're a good sport, lady.

J. R.'S FRIEND
I saw you fight Bob Saterfield in '46 (?), Jake. In Chicago. You were great.

JAKE
Yeah, I really cleaned up on him.

J. R.
Where's your wife, Jake?

JAKE
Do you think I'd let her in a place like this with guys like you hangin' around?

JAKE feigns a few jabs, and they all laugh. He walks off.

As JAKE leaves, J. R. whispers to his friend:

J. R.
You ought to see his wife.

JAKE steps over to a table where some of the "BOYS" are sitting. RICKY is the Miami 1956 version of Salvy.

JAKE
Hey, Ricky, glad you came.

65 CONTD

RICKY
Wouldn't miss it, Jake.

JAKE calls a WAITRESS over.

JAKE
Hey, honey, give these fellas a round on me. I can tell they're gonna be regular customers.

THE WAITRESS says to a clearly underaged GIRL:

WAITRESS
I'll have to ask for your I.D.

JAKE leans over and gives the young GIRL a long kiss on the lips. She enthusiastically reciprocates.

JAKE
Whew! Any girl that can kiss like that can drink in my club anytime!

They all laugh as JAKE moves on. The life of the party.

66 EXT: "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - DAY

JAKE, hungover, his tux wrinkled, walks out of the club to the adjacent parking lot.

VICKIE is sitting in her yellow Cadillac outside the club. The curbside window is halfway up. She calls to him:

VICKIE
Jake.

JAKE, chagrined, steps over to the car.

JAKE
I'm sorry. I had to work late last night. Slept at the club.

VICKIE
I'm leaving you, Jake.

JAKE
Sure, what else is new?

VICKIE
No. This time it's true. I didn't bother to tell you until I had everything worked out.

66 CONTD

JAKE tries to open the door. It's locked.

JAKE
Open the door, Vickie.

VICKIE
No. I won't talk to you where you can use your hands on me.

JAKE
Aw, c'mon. Don't say that.

VICKIE
I got a lawyer, Jake. We're getting a divorce. I'm getting custody of the kids.

JAKE
Aw, c'mon, Vick --

VICKIE
I'm sick of it. I can't watch you this way. You're too drunk all the time. There's too many girls. I can't ... I don't wanna talk about it. I made up my mind.

JAKE tries to reach in the window, but VICKIE hits the power switch, closing it and catching his hand. She now has to yell to him:

VICKIE
You got three days to get your stuff out of the house. After that, the cops will be there. I have the kids with me. I never want to see you again.

VICKIE turns her face and drives away.

JAKE grabs at the Cadillac, but it is bigger and stronger than him.

JAKE is left alone in the parking lot. The car is gone.

67 INT: JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

JAKE has an office above the lounge. Ever since VICKIE left, it's also been his apartment.

The place is a mess. JAKE sends his laundry out when he runs out of clean clothes. Dirty socks, shorts and shirts

67 CONTD

are scattered randomly. Empty whiskey bottles on the desk, empty beer cans in the wastebasket.

1ST DEPUTY
Let's go, Jake, wake up!

JAKE
Huh? Whaddya mean, get up?

1ST DEPUTY
(showing badge)
We're from ...

JAKE
Don't worry, pal. I know where the fuck you're from. You guys look the same everywhere.

1ST DEPUTY
They want you downtown.

JAKE
For what?

1ST DEPUTY
I don't run the joint. They just told me to bring you in.

JAKE
For what?

2ND DEPUTY
C'mon, get dressed.

JAKE hunts for his clothes.

JAKE
Hey, I'm a big taxpayer down here. Don't that entitle me to some information what this is all about?

THE SECOND DEPUTY shows JAKE a photo.

2ND DEPUTY
You recognize this girl? She been in the club?

JAKE
I dunno.

2ND DEPUTY
She says you introduced her to men.

67 CONTD

JAKE
I introduced a lot of people to men. So what? What does that mean?

2ND DEPUTY
She's fourteen.

CLOSE UP of picture.

68 EXT: JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY

JAKE, wearing a suit, walks up to the door and pushes the bell.

VICKIE opens the door and looks at him over the chain.

JAKE
Vickie, open up. I need to come in.

VICKIE
Are you drunk?

JAKE
No. Open the door.

JAKE tries to touch her face through the doorway crack, but she steps back.

JAKE
Please, Vick. I won't bother you. I'm out on bail. I gotta pick one thing up. You can send the kids next door. Start counting and by the time you get to fifty, I'll get outa here.

VICKIE thinks a moment, then opens the door and lets JAKE in.

VICKIE
The kids are sleeping. Don't make any noise.

69 INT: JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY

JAKE walks directly past her into the living room. VICKIE watches from a safe distance.

VICKIE (contd)
(counting)
One, two, three, four, five ...

69 CONTD

JAKE removes his jewel-studden championship belt from the glass bookcase and carries it into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, he takes a hammer and screwdriver out of a drawer, places the belt on the counter top, and starts digging the jewels out of it.

VICKIE appears in the doorway.

VICKIE
... nine, ten. Jake, what are you doing?

JAKE
I need ten thousand dollars. My lawyer says if we can spread ten thousand bucks around, we can get the case dropped.

VICKIE
But they don't have a case against you.

JAKE
(digging at the belt)
Are you kiddin'? Did you ever see a 14-year-old testify in court? Did you see the papers? "LaMotta on Vice Rap." Everybody likes a shot at the Champ.

VICKIE
Jake, be careful! What're you doing to the belt?!

JAKE
Don't make no difference no more.

VICKIE
Can't you get the money from your friends?

JAKE
What friends?

VICKIE
Your old friends.

JAKE
(sarcastic)
Oh yeah, they'd love that. Come down to Miami and help me out of a pimping rap. I don't want to give them the satisfaction.

69 CONTD

JAKE, frustrated by his task, turns the belt over and hammers at it. The jewels scatter across the counter top and floor. JAKE collects the jewels and puts them in his pockets.

70 INT: JEWELRY SHOP - DAY

JAKE stands at the counter of a small jewelry store. The JEWELER, a young man about 25, examines the stones.

JEWELER
Didn't you also wish to sell the Championship Belt, Mr. LaMotta?

JAKE
That's it. Those are the jewels that were in the belt.

JEWELER
But where's the belt?

JAKE
You want the jewels or the belt?

JEWELER
Both. These stones are worth about fifteen hundred dollars, but the belt of a champion is a very rare item. The belt with the stones untouched would have been worth near five thousand dollars.

JAKE seems to despair of the whole thing: the belt, the attempt to raise 10 g's, the vice case, his life.

71 EXT: PHONE BOOTH - DAY

JAKE places a call from a booth outside the jewelry store.

JAKE
(on phone)
I can't raise the ten thousand. Fuck 'em. Let 'em put me on trial.

72 INT: BARBIZON DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Same as Scene One.

JAKE, 45 years old, continues to rehearse. He is seated across from a mirror. (This story will be rewritten as part of a comic monologue.)

72 CONTD

JAKE
So there I was at thirty-five -- in the can. What made it worse was I used to be the champ. Now, I'm a first-class bum, right? And these screws! Let me tell you, the average screw has the job because he isn't smart enough to wash cars. These screws were real Florida crackers -- no sense of humor. One day, we were all on the work gang cleaning up some trees that had been knocked down by a hurricane -- I think it was a hurricane. As usual, the one thing you got in a prison that you don't need is manpower and the result of that was that here you had about twelve grown men dealing with a log that four could handle. There was no room for me -- not that I was pushing -- so I was standing off to the side and the screw came up and said, "What's with you, helpless?" I said, "You got eyes. There's no room." Of course what I should've said was, "I'm sorry, sir, I tried to help, but there's no room." The screw grinned at me and said, "You're supposed to be Mister Tough Guy. Go over there and make room for yourself." So I went over and I was kneeling and somehow the log dropped and pinned my arm to the ground. Now this log, it was about ten feet long and better than two feet in diameter. I moaned as I took most of the weight on my arm. The other cons started to lever it off and one of the screws, his fat red face in a smile, strolled over, squirted out a shot of tobacco juice and said, "Well, Champ Pimp, what's wrong now?" He could see. "Log fell on my arm," I said getting up. "Well, now ... whaddaya know ... Champ

72 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
Pimp got himself another boo-boo ...'
"Lay off the name," I said. He just gave me a bigger grin as they got the log off and I got up.
"Riles ya, does it?" he said.
"Grabs ya where it hurts, huh?
That's what you are, aincha?
That's what you was convicted of, ain't it?" "Knock it off, you stupid cracker," I snarled at him. "You goddamned Yankee!" he screamed. "Get in the truck!
Get in the truck, degenerate!"
Next thing I know, I'm in the hole.

73 INT: DADE COUNTY STOCKADE - DAY

THE CAMERA TRACKS down the lonely corridors of the Dade County Prison. Empty faces stare out from behind the bars.

JAKE is led down a long corridor by TWO GUARDS. His hands and legs are manacled and chained.

THE GUARDS, redneck screws both, take special pleasure in working JAKE over.

They take JAKE to the "Hole" -- solitary confinement.

ONE of the GUARDS unmanacles JAKE.

Both GUARDS push JAKE into the cell and slam the door.

74 INT: THE HOLE - DAY OR NIGHT

A thin slit provides the only light in JAKE's cell.

The rough cement walls are covered with obscure graffiti. The 8x8x8 room features only a cot and a toilet.

The room is mostly darkness. Sounds are more tangible here than sights.

WE SEE JAKE's body as it passes through the slit of light.

JAKE crouches into the corner away from the light. As WE SEE JAKE's face, the following MONTAGE images appear.

74 CONTD

(There will be contrasting sound effects accompanying the images: for example, the image of JAKE hitting VICKIE might be accompanied by the sounds from a love scene between them.)

1) 1940s black and white pornography: partially clothed men and women engaged in explicit sex acts.

2) Boxing magazines: fighters' beaten and bloody faces. A body building ad: Charles Atlas raises his muscled biceps.

3) Li'l Abner comics: Daisy Mae's tits seem about to fall free.

4) Reprise from earlier scene: Back in JAKE and IDA's old apartment, JOEY, using a towel as a glove, punches JAKE in the face.

5) A 1934 "Older Girl" sashays into the candy store in flickering 8mm black and white footage. WE SEE other Bronx preteen girls walking, smiling.

6) At Shorehaven pool, JAKE and JOEY, in bathing suits, are sleeping in the sun next to each other. Other bathers are around, also taking in the sun.

7) Reprise from earlier scene: As in #4, JOEY hits JAKE in the face again.

WE SEE again the image of JAKE's face as he sits in his cell.

The MONTAGE continues:

A) JANIRO's face at the weigh-in.

B) JAKE throws JANIRO a kiss at the weigh-in.

C) JAKE punches in JANIRO's face.

D) A naked GIRL stands in the doorway of a bedroom.

E) JAKE lies in bed with IDA, staring at the ceiling.

F) VICKIE's pretty young face DOUBLE EXPOSES with SUGAR RAY ROBINSON's.

G) DR. PINTO injects novacaine into JAKE's fists.

H) Sitting in his corner of the ring, JAKE spits blood into a pail ...

74 CONTD

I) Still in JAKE's corner: JOEY wipes off his brother's bloody face.

J) Still in JAKE's corner: There is an open cut over JAKE's eye. JOEY, rushing against time, sucks the blood from the wound as DR. PINTO begins to examine it.

K) Still in JAKE's corner: JOEY puts the mouthpiece in JAKE's mouth. (SLOW MOTION)

L) JAKE wins over CERDAN. JOEY, overenthusiastic, hits JAKE on the back of the head a little too hard. JAKE gives JOEY a quick look, but JOEY just embraces him.

M) On a bed, a GIRL is going down on JOEY. The GIRL turns and looks up at JAKE. It's LINDA, the waitress from his club. JAKE stares.

N) JAKE's fist hits LINDA's face.

O) VICKIE playfully bends JAKE's hand back, pretending to break it.

P) JAKE hits VICKIE again. She cries.

Q) Repeat image G: DR. PINTO injects novacaine into JAKE's fists.

WE SEE again the image of JAKE's face as he sits in his cell.

The MONTAGE continues:

1) VICKIE is in her underwear in a bedroom. A pair of black arms come in and embrace her body.

2) CLOSE UP of JAKE; he reacts to this. He's in the ring with SUGAR RAY. He knocks SUGAR RAY out of the ring.

3) VICKIE again. JAKE approaches her from behind, pulls her head back by her hair, and slaps her.

4) THE ANNOUNCER points to SUGAR RAY as the winner. (Different fight.) CAMERA PANS to RAY, victorious, his arms up.

5) A bloodied JAKE comes over to SUGAR RAY and embraces him.

74 CONTD

WE ARE BACK WITH JAKE in the cell. He slowly starts to bang his head against the wall.

JAKE
(murmuring)
Why, why, why?

(with each bang of his head)

I'm a man, I'm a man.

I'm no faggot.

I'm not a faggot.

Ma, why? What do they want?

My cock's not enough.

What do they want from me?

Why? Ma? Why?

JAKE is now smashing the wall with all his strength -- vicious body punches.

JAKE (contd)
Why, why, why me?

You took it away from me.

They took everything away.

What do they want from me?

What the fuck do they want from me?

I ain't bad.

I ain't bad.

I'm not that guy.

I'm not that guy.

I'm not a monster.

I'm not an animal.

JAKE breaks his knuckles; the pain and blood are unbearable.

74 CONTD

JAKE collapses to the concrete floor. His hands are smashed. He cries, then sobs.

JAKE (contd)
I'm not like that.

Please.

I'm not like that.

Please.

Please.

Please.

Then silence.

We begin to HEAR: JAKE doing a monologue.

JAKE (contd)
And so, as Shakespeare said, I've been down so low there's nowhere else to go.

75 INT: METROPOLE - NIGHT (1956)

The Metropole is a club on 7th Avenue off Times Square.

JAKE LAMOTTA, 40 years old and wearing a hip Fifties suit, continues his monologue.

JAKE
Except here, gentlemen, with you bums.

The crowd starts to shout: "Get the fuck off the stage!" "Bring out the girls!"

JAKE (contd)
Hey, sorry. Here's your girls.
(grabs his crotch)
Ok, ok. I know who you're waitin' for. She is here -- as advertised outside. She's come back. A girl who's seen the Lower Depths. Who's been as far as I have in that direction. She's on her way back now. Let's give her a warm "Metropole" welcome. Make her glad she's back, boys. Miss Emma 48's!

75 CONTD

JAKE gets off the stage as MISS EMMA 48'S goes into her dance.

He goes over to the bar and gets a drink. Several older MEN in t-shirts -- a disreputable looking lot -- are at the bar.

76 EXT: METROPOLE - NIGHT

The club is closing. JAKE and one of the bar girls, JOYCE, come out and walk by a delicatessen on their way to a parking lot.

JAKE sees his brother JOEY enter the delicatessen.

JAKE
Look, sweetie, be a good girl. Here's some money. Take a cab. Go home by yourself. Just wanna walk around a little, sort of unwind. Ok?

JOYCE
Will I see you later?

JAKE
Yeah. I dunno ... I'll call you.

JAKE goes to the parking lot entrance as JOYCE gets into a cab.

DISSOLVE TO:

77 EXT: PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's about twenty minutes later.

DOLLY INTO A MEDIUM SHOT of JAKE waiting by the parking lot. He looks at the delicatessen.

JOEY finally comes out carrying a paper bag. Not noticing JAKE, he walks right past him to his car which is parked near the rear of the outdoor lot.

JAKE
Hey, Joey --

JAKE walks towards JOEY with his hand outstretched.

JOEY looks at JAKE. Silence. JOEY turns his back and starts to get into his car.

77 CONTD

JAKE runs over to JOEY and grabs his shoulder.

JAKE (contd)
No, Joey, no. Look, wait a minute, please --

JOEY looks at JAKE like he's shit, throws JAKE's hand off his shoulder, and starts to get into his car again.

JAKE (contd)
Aw, Joey --

JAKE stops JOEY from getting into his car. He puts his hand on JOEY's shoulder again.

JAKE (contd)
You're right. You're perfectly right. You got every right in the world to hate my guts.

JOEY pulls away from JAKE's hand, and tries to put the paper bag into the front seat of the car.

JAKE (contd)
No, please. I know I was a cocksucker. You're right. I shoulda never raised my hands to you.

JOEY half pushes JAKE away, and begins to get into his car again.

JAKE pulls JOEY by the arm.

JAKE (contd)
No, Joey, listen to me --

JAKE pulls too hard, causing JOEY to drop the paper bag to his feet. The containers of coffee and tea in the bag break open and splatter JOEY's pants legs.

JOEY stares down at his pants, then up at JAKE. Suddenly, he belts JAKE with a left and a right to the jaw. JAKE is taken by surprise, and backs off to get his own hands up.

JOEY keeps pouring it on. JAKE drops his hands and takes it.

JAKE
Go ahead.
(gets punched)
Hit me again.
(gets punched)
(MORE)

77 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
I deserve it ...
(gets punched)
Pay me back ...
(gets punched)
More ...
(gets punched)

JOEY stops in mid-punch and stares at JAKE. He can't figure it out.

JAKE nods and tries to smile, but starts to cry instead.

JAKE (contd)
More. Go ahead, Joey. I deserve it.

JOEY pauses, then finally throws a very weak punch to JAKE's shoulder. He leaves his hand there -- then, uncurls his fist -- and finally puts his hand around JAKE's neck as tears start to fill his eyes.

JOEY hugs JAKE close to him, crying.

They hug each other, both crying. They don't say anything.

WE HOLD the image for a while, then we hear MR. BONOMI, the Senate lawyer, questioning JAKE at the Kefauver Committee.

BONOMI (OS)
You have admitted that you purposely lost or "dumped" the Fox fight?

78 INT: KEFAUVER COMMITTEE - DAY

JAKE sits IN CLOSE UP at the witness table. He looks like the vulnerable, sad, sweet, near-45-year-old man he now is.

JAKE
Yes.

BONOMI (OS)
And you were aware that prior to the Fox fight a bribe offer was made?

JAKE
Yes.

78 CONTD

BONOMI (OS)
Who made the bribe offer?

JAKE
I don't know. The only information I got was through my brother, Joseph LaMotta.

BONOMI (OS)
Who did he say was offering the bribe?

JAKE
I wasn't interested in names. I was only interested in one thing. The Championship.

BONOMI (OS)
Your brother wasn't offering the $100,000 bribe, was he?

JAKE
He was not.

BONOMI (OS)
He was offering it through somebody else?

JAKE
Evidently.

SENATOR PHILIP HART (OS)
Mr. Bonomi, will you yield the floor so that I may address a question to Mr. LaMotta?

BONOMI (OS)
Of course, Senator Hart.

SENATOR PHILIP HART (OS)
Mr. LaMotta, the information you have offered today will upset the very people we are investigating here. Do you fear any retribution.

JAKE
(Get Actual Quote)
I ain't never been afraid of nonna them rats.

There are SOUNDS of the reporters scurrying out of the room. They have their headline. JAKE takes a drink of water as a barrage of flashbulbs goes off.

79 EXT: BARBIZON PLAZA THEATER - NIGHT

The theater lights are flashing.

This may not be Broadway, but it's a long way from the Metropole. The entrance to the Barbizon looks out on the corner of 6th Avenue and Central Park South.

A stand-up billboard in front of the theater advertises "An Evening with Jake LaMotta." The billboard also lists the authors whose works will be performed: Chayevsky, Rod Serling, Shakespeare, Bud Schulberg, Tennessee Williams.

80 INT: BARBIZON DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Same as Scenes one and seventy-two.

JAKE is alone preparing to go onstage. He rehearses.

JAKE
"It wasn't him, Charlie. It was you. Remember that night in the Garden when you came to my dressing room and you said, 'Kid, this ain't your night. We're going for the price on Wilson.' Do you remember that night, Charlie? My night. I coulda taken Wilson apart that night. So what happens? He has an outdoor on the ballpark, and what do I get? A one-way ticket to Palookaville. I was never no good after that night. It was like ... a peak you reach, and then it was all downhill. It was you Charlie, you was my brother. You shoulda looked out for me ... a little bit, just a little bit ... instead of making me take them dives for the short end money. I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender. I coulda been somebody instead of a bum which is what I am."

A shadow goes by the frame; it's a STAGEHAND.

STAGEHAND (OS)
Hey Jake, how you doing?

The shadow exits.

80 CONTD

JAKE
How long do I have?

The shadow pops in again.

STAGEHAND (OS)
About five minutes.

The shadow exits.

JAKE
Ok.

JAKE pauses, then starts to shadow-box in his dressing room.

His breath comes in quick gasps. His feet pop up and down like they were on canvas. His tiny fists jerk forward with short bursts of light.

Still alive. Still a contender. A 45-year-old man fighting for his shot.

The CAMERA DOLLIES into a FULL SHOT of his fists as they hit the empty air -- in and out of the frame.

This quote appears: (MUSIC IN)

"Verily, verily I say unto thee,
Except a man be born again,
He can not enter into the kingdom
of heaven ... "
John 3-3

The CAMERA goes into DARKNESS.

THE END CREDITS roll up.

THE END